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HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,

Office of The N. Y. Saturday Press

No. 9 SPRUCE STREET, N. Y.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

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From the New York Day Book.

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From the New York Correspondent of the Boston Courier.

THE SATURDAY PRESS, to which I have before made allusion, though hardly to be called comic, is nevertheless the most witty and intellectually vigorous weekly we have ever had in this city. Its columns always contain a score or more of original jokes, which would startle our into a laugh, or make him cry "good," even at his own funeral.

From the Philadelphia Press.

We are moved by no consideration save genuine merit to commend to the searchers after a good weekly paper, THE SATURDAY PRESS, published in New York by Henry Clapp, Jr. It is really the first attempt in this country at a pure, decent, uninfluenced literary journal, and is free from the nauseating traits of the majority of the weeklies. The criticisms of affairs in the artistic and social realm are intelligent, and always hit straight; the bon mots out sparkle the best things of *Punch*; and a feature alone worthy the subscription is the weekly Book List, accurately prepared.

From the New York Traveller.

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS, the sprightliest, raciest, frankest, sanciest, sharpest, wittiest, most piquant, original, outspoken, and scrutinous American literary weekly.

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We esteem it the best journal of its class that is published in America. Its articles are pungent and spicy, and evince not only a high order of talent, but genius on the part of its editor and regular contributors.

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From the Yonkers Herald.

We believe no one who has once bought and read THE SATURDAY PRESS, will be without it afterwards—that is, if he is in any place where it can be obtained.

From the New Haven Palladium.

This literary weekly now visits us second year, we consider one of the ablest purely literary papers published in the United States. It contains each week a Book List of from one to two columns, embracing all works, American and foreign, just out or to be issued, an admirable chess column, the best original and selected tales and sketches, spicy and interesting correspondence, a full resume of the week's literary and art intelligence, a very piquant dramatic feuilleton, etc., besides bold and independent editorials upon all prominent topics of the day from the pen of the talented editor. To the literary man, the scholar, the man of business—in fact, to all classes of intelligent readers—this paper just fills a want never before met.

From the New York Dispatch.

We want our readers distinctly to understand that THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS is the most saucy, clever, independent, and piquant literary weekly now or ever published anywhere. It is just a little over a year old, and has most ably struggled through the obstacles which always attend the weaning of new publications in the newspaper line. For our own part, we are free to confess that we take up no paper with more eagerness, and peruse none of all our exchange list, which is over large, with half as much satisfaction as THE SATURDAY PRESS. Nay, we would willingly pay fifty cents a copy rather than do without it, and the subscription price is only $2 per annum. THE SATURDAY PRESS cannot be induced by money or patronage to puff anybody or anything not deserving free favorable mention, and is as free and independent as it is witty, sprightly, and just in all matters of art, literature, and social questions. It is the paper for intelligent and independent people.

From the Hartford Courant.

A vigorous, original, lively, and independent literary weekly. It is distinguished above any paper in the United States for its fresh and accurate literary intelligence, the independence and vigor of its leading articles, the cleverness of its miscellaneous matter; and, especially, for its complete weekly List of New Books and Books in Press. To the scholar, the literary man, and the man of taste, in all matters of art and literature, we consider this paper almost a necessity.

WELL?

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

Midnight past! Not a sound of aught
Through the silent house but the wind at his prayers;
I sat by the dying fire and thought
Of the dear dead woman up-stairs.

Nobody with me my watch to keep,
But the friend of my bosom, the man I love;
And grief had sent him fast to sleep
In the chamber up above.

Nobody else in the country place
All round, that knew of my loss beside,
But the good young priest with the Raphael face,
Who confessed her when she died.

On her cold dead bosom my portrait lies,
Which next to her heart she used to wear,
Haunting it o'er with her tender eyes,
When my own face was not there.

And I said, 'The thing is precious to me:
They will bury her soon in the churchyard clay;
It lies on her heart, and lost must be,
If I do not take it away.'

As I stretched my hand I held my breath;
I turned as I drew the curtains apart,
I dared not look at her face of death;
I knew where to find her heart.

I thought at first, as my touch fell there,
It had warmed that heart to life with love;
For the thing I touched was warm, I swear,
And I could feel it move.

'Twas the hand of a man, that was moving slow
O'er the heart of the dead—from the other side;
And at once the sweat broke o'er my brow:
'Who is robbing the corpse?' I cried.

Opposite me, by the taper's light,
The friend of my bosom, the man I loved,
Stood over the corpse, and all as white,
And neither of us moved.

'What do you here, my friend?' The man
Looked first at me, and then at the dead,
'There is a portrait here,' he began;
'There is—it is mine,' I said.

Said the friend of my bosom, 'Yours, no doubt
The portrait was, till a month ago,
When this suffering angel took that out,
And placed mine there, I know.'

'This woman, she loved me well,' said I;
'A month ago,' said my friend to me;
'And in your throat,' I groaned, 'you lie!'
He answered, 'Let us see.'

We found the portrait there, in the place;
We opened it by the taper's shine;
The gems were all unchanged—the face
Was neither his nor mine.

One nail drives out another, at least!
The face of the portrait there,' I cried,
'Is our friend's, the Raphael-faced young priest;
Who confessed her when she died.'

For The New York Saturday Press:

MISS PRESCOTT'S NEW STORY.

Who will write a story after "Yet's Christmas Box" in the April *Harper*?

I think I know why the publishers did not put the name of Miss Harriet Prescott to it, or even say of it, "By the Author of Sir Rohan's Ghost." They wanted it kept as quiet as could be, for the sake of all their talented contributors; just as it is the policy of the theatre-manager not to meet the little person suddenly doing great things, late of the Advanced Supers, as she comes off from her great scene, faint and brilliant with excitement, the grand throb of sympathy following her in like a train of glory—not to meet her at the wings, calling God to witness his honest pride in this new-created fame, this new-found fortune. He will purposely be in front stolidly taking her best points, and not raising a hand to her. He will purposely not 'see' her to the other ladies and gentlemen, lest some morning he shall not be able to make up a cast, what with the jealous disaffected.

If the Messrs. Harper had me for a main cog in their great intellectual wheel (that pretty nearly keeps the whole mental machine of the enlightened nation going); if, having once tasted the glory of a place in their always-groaning table of contents, I should scribble ever thereafter monthly for dear-life; if an Able Editor, even, should have called the especial attention of his readers to a story of mine, giving the title in full, and predicting a brilliant future for the young author, after reading "Yet's Christmas Box,"—I should just put all my ambitions and struggling Plots to sleep, and fulfil my little, honest, daily round without any further reference to catastrophes or striking characters.

I hope my friends, NORDHOFF, who has got a vim of style which is as fresh as a sea-wind, and has opened a native and unwrought mine already bringing up golden treasures of character and custom; O'BRIEN, master of mysteries, and of a style as pure and powerful as any since Poe's fell gold-clad from his pen; HOUSE, exquisitely feminine in the genius of expression, who reminds us of our most delicate experiences all the while, and never pokes a moral at us on any consideration—these, and all the other clever champions of the light-weight of literature, will see it differently; I could not write another story, I am sure, for at least six months, only hoping, if my livelihood depended upon my likelihood at such things, that, before that period should elapse, Miss Prescott might 'blow over.'

The glory of this new star in the firmament of letters reaches in this story a zenith with which the most irrepressible luminary might be contented. All doubts that a new resource, a Genius, has come into the life of all of us who live from the mind, must cease now and here. The opinion of our fair companion, ADA CLARE, so modestly intimated last *S. P.*, the world of appreciation may now accept as a dogma—a woman's perception; trust it forever! If the critic, following her, always dazzled, often almost stifled, through the strange atmospheres which wrap Sir Rohan now in gloom and now in gold; following fearfully those massive sentences, wrought in and in with a gorgeousness like that of Beethoven's symphonies, or sunset skies; vainly endeavoring to analyze the power which could throw together, out of a quiet New England town, into such a mosaic of passion and beauty, the social trivialities and the whelming spiritual realities of existence, bad puns, very bad ones, and profound insight, startling learning, the mysticism of old philosophies on which rests the shadow of centuries and of ages, the coquetry of our own merry modern society, and the inalienable birthright of all souls—the yearning toward the mysteries of destiny; trying to trace the processes of this girl's mind, in their rapidity and thoroughness and brilliancy, resulting all in a totally new form and color for fiction, and summing up in a symmetrical incompleteness, a graceful malformation; if, in the stress of her first great labor, the critic was disposed to tremble for a future swaddled in such fire and gloom, and, like one who traces the sparkling course of a rocket up the black vault and thinks of the charred and unseen stick, was sad to think that Genius is such a terrible consumer of itself,—this story, the last, the best, 'Yet's Christmas Box,' will reassure him. For here the impetuous genius is restrained; the smoking chargers of the imagination are held in check: there is that strength in repose, that vivid simplicity, which is the crown of style.

Miss Prescott still hugs her pet mistakes. She still is prone to puns—an element in which she is as much out of place as the Eagle in the barn-yard. She still offends the taste by the most outrageous vulgarities, generally, however, put into the mouth of unnecessary characters, paralleled in experience. But she is coming into the higher atmosphere. Her genius is shaking off the earthly clay. We shall have from her, if the rage of production does not hinder her career, such romance as no woman has produced.

All read HARPER; but I will ask you to give this exquisite picture a new frame:

Here Madame Van Voorst came in. Van sprang to get her a chair, and sate the rest of the evening at her feet, more gay and cheerful and entertaining with varied power than she had ever known him. When the others all were gone, his grandmother put her hand on his head and bent it back till she could see the frank, handsome face with the eyes persistently veiled.

"My dear child," said she, "are you so very happy?"

"My dear grandmamma, happiness is arbitrary."

"Yours makes mine, Van, so preserve it."

She drew the head upon her breast, and reading the face with her old tear-washed eyes bowed above it. Wordless prayers ascended over it, wordless blessings hovered about it. Because the heart that beat beneath her hand was more sensitive than any girl's, she cherished it as she had never done her own son's; because it was tender, she would have thrown herself between it and all its arrows; she knew it to be valiant; she believed it to be noble. The clock struck midnight, the candles flared and fell, the fire was low, and still she bent above it; there was such quiet in the house, such rest, outside; bathed in the white moonlight, inside so full of silent sleep. Let other love be turbulent and false, here there was peace and fulness. The brand fell in a white ash, the great Angola cat crept round and arched her back at them. Miss Yuler with a velvet footfall came down for a vial of balsam, folded in her loose white wrapper, hung a moment on tiptoe and regarded them. A great sigh tore its way up from her heart; on the landing her cough broke the stillness. The sleepers started, Van threw up his arms and laughed; his grandmother unclasped her embrace; she put the embers together, while he took a coal, and with its red glare on his face gayly blew a light. Madam Van Voorst brought a glass of wine; they drank each other's health, with the blaze flickering in the ruby depths of the glasses.

"Filial affection is an opiate, it seems," said Van; "I shall tell the future Van Voorsts how my grandmother and I drank deep into the morning."

Madame Van Voorst put her stately hand on his head again. "God bless you, my dear boy!" she said, sealing his forehead by her kiss, and marched with her heavy step to her own apartment. Van threw another log on the fire, wrote foreign letters till morning, and when the early mail-sledge slipped by with its bells in the keen, frosty, four-o'clock air, the stars still sparkling above, the silence of night yet broken by nothing but the long swell and split of heaving ice, Van caught it, and ere the red sunrise was far on his way to busy forgetfulness in Halifax."

And this, to close the case for Miss Harriet Prescott, of Newburyport, Mass.:

As is very well known, it is impossible for any one to cross the head of the bay when the roar of the distant tide has once been heard; the rushing torrent overtakes the adventurous runner, and the fleetest horse cannot escape its speed. As Van's Fautour leaped down the rocks to the sand, and opened a hard gallop along the edge, a whisper like the rustle of wind in the pine-tops shivered through the air. Van's eyes grew fiercer; he turned the spurs in and flew forward. The whisper crept hoarsely on his ear; it became voluminous and panting; it gathered and swept its swift sighs, and swelled, and broke into a low roar, as if a lion shook his bristling mane and glared around his distant den. Still Van bounded on; the horse was stung with fright; the sand shook with shocks of sound; he stood in the stirrup and strained his sight along the shore; the wind of the advancing tide blew in his uncovered hair. Suddenly, at a third of the distance across, Fautour swerved and stood with a quiver. Miss Yuler was standing quietly before him on the beach, her bonnet in her hand. She appeared to have been running, but must now have been motionless for several minutes; she had found it useless to make any farther effort, and had abandoned the idea of life. Whatever grace of nature enriched her soul, she had in this moment surrendered herself to its sway. On her face shone the awful pallor of those who confront Death and await him. There was, besides, some eagerness in her glittering eye to catch the beauty of her destroyer. She saw Van; the color rushed up again into her cheek and lip; he gave his foot for a step, without a word, seized her hands, lifted her before him, turned Fautour about with a savage rapidity, and flew back. It was better to die so than alone. His eyes were fastened on her; she only looked out and down the bay; neither spoke. It was now a race for life. On, spear's length by spear's length, bounded the horse; on, rushing and seething, chased the tide; its chill breath stole across them, its damp swathed them, white wreaths of mist curled over their heads; at the right, the banks and crags seemed awaiting its flood—at the left, a narrow line of low waves crept sinuously, peering into the bay, and tossing their snowy crests like troops of wild horses. Fautour felt the danger, and did not need the red spur; with his double burden he doubled his strides and left his shadow behind him. On they raced: an element raced after. The dull and muffled tone broke in full and sonorous; the separate hiss and splash became distinct; scenting their prey, three feet at a time the waves came leaping in, receding and forming, and eddying up again till a wall of chrysoprase transparency towered between them and the western sky, and rolled, in shattered light and fusing volume, to fill its destined depth of fathom, with the noise of many waters and the speed of wind. Off from the trembling sand to the rocks sprang Fautour; up he clambered from steep to steep; the early sunset was bathing all summits in soft crimson warmth, the pale gold of the orbed moon hung in the East with all her portent influences, foam-flakes fell heavily on their hair; another step would save them. A plunge—the crest curled under them, and the last wave sent its spent torrent to cool the burning hoofs that were planted rigid as iron, and the tide was full.

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

A MEMORY.

Black rains of March, that fall and sob
All the long night, upon my roof,
Fall soft, sob low, where thy drops throb
Over the heart that lies aloof
From Time, that every living heart doth rob.

How many times, O muttering rains
That haunt the Spring's returning feet,—
How many times have your refrains
Wakened my heart to memories sweet,
Since hers was shut, to all Life's loves and pains?

I would not count the years. New Springs
Have laughed, and wept, and died, like her,
Since I last saw the amber rings
Of her long hair, or felt the stir
Of her warm breath, like Summer's balm-bathed wings.

And the Spring comes again; I know
That all the paths we trod of old
Are slowly growing green, where blow
The southland winds, and from the mould
In woods still bare, some hardy violets grow;

The robin folds his wings of dun,
And doubtful, trills his happy notes;
And glittering in the noonday sun,
The bee, impatient, hums and floats,
And the tall lilac's buds swell one by one.

But in the black March night, the rain
Lies on my threshold, and on hers;
And with a weird and ghastly pain
That holds my heart, and sleep defers,
Shivering I watch for dawn to come again.

JULIETTE H. BEACH.

Albion, N. Y.

— Harry Sanderson has been literally winning laurels in the South. At Mobile, he was publicly crowned after one of his piano performances; and at New Orleans and other places his success was not less distinct.

CAPRICES.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

I. Genius in Authorship.

It is not easy in all cases to explain precisely what we mean by the words which we have invented to express our thoughts. The distinction between Genius and Talent, like that existing between Imagination and Fancy, or Wit and Humor, cannot easily be drawn. Though it has been learnedly considered and illustrated in many ways, it is felt rather than comprehended, and more readily appreciated than expressed. Genius may be described as creative, sympathetic power. By it, through the emotions, the whole soul is agitated and controlled. Talent is also power, but of an humbler sort. It creates nothing. It has no contact with the emotional nature. Talent is special and singular. Genius is comprehensive. The one wins our respect merely; the other wins our admiration and love. Talent is given in some measure to all persons, just as Memory and Conscience are. But Genius is possessed by few. It must be voluntary, and cannot be acquired. As a modern poet has finely said of Love—

"No gold of earth, no gem of heaven,
Is rich enough to purchase it."

But where it does come it will make itself felt, known, and remembered. Its bestowal is regulated by no respect of persons or of circumstances; and it finds its children alike in hovel and in palace. It comes to Homer, the accident of a nameless amour, and to the proud patrician Alfieri; to Jean Paul, who, from his mother's kitchen, could write himself into immortality; and to Goethe, the companion of princes and the ornament of courts. To the humble wool-dealer's boy at Stratford, and to the princely misanthrope of Newstead Abbey. To Burns, at the plough, and to Pope, luxuriously cradled in the sylvan retreats of Windsor Forest. To the lonely scholar, who, in the still cloisters of Cambridge University, wrote the immortal Elegy; and to that poor hostler's son, who sleeps under the daisies at Rome, and whose name, if 'writ in water'—as he sadly thought it would be—is writ in the water of tears and glorified by the halo of human love. It gives us an Italian Dante, a German Schiller, an English Tennyson, an American Emerson. 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;' and whatever hand of genius may sweep over the strings, the harp of the human heart vibrates in sympathy forever and ever!

Now it is the province of genius in authorship to create Literature. And here again is encountered one of those vexed questions which ever, like grim warders, haunt the portals of the temple of truth. What do we understand to constitute Literature? What, correctly speaking, do we describe by that word?

In the broadest signification of the word, Literature might be said to include all that pertains to letters. But the meaning of a word is often only the established result of arbitrary custom; and the popular idea would probably be found to describe it as the collective body of all that is printed in books. It is easy to see the inaccuracy of such a definition.

In an Essay on the character and works of Pope, by THOMAS DE QUINCEY, this question has been minutely considered. And, accepting his conclusions as true and sufficient, it is most tasteful to present them in his own language:—

In the idea of Literature one essential is—some relation to a general and common interest of man: so that what applies only to a local, or professional, or merely personal interest, even though presenting itself in the shape of a book, will not belong to literature. Not only is much that takes a station in books not literature, but, inversely, much that really is literature never reaches a station in books. In that great social organ there may be distinguished two separate offices, that may blend, and often do so; but capable severally of a severe insulation. There is, first, the literature of knowledge, and secondly, the literature of power. The function of the first is to teach; the function of the second is to move: the first is a rudder, the second an oar or sail. The first speaks to the mere discursive understanding; the second speaks ultimately, it may happen, to the higher understanding or reason, but always through emotions of pleasure and sympathy. There is a rarer thing than truth, namely power, or deep sympathy with truth. What do you learn from Paradise Lost? Nothing at all. What do you learn from a cookery-book? Something new, something you did not know before in every paragraph. But would you therefore put the wretched cookery-book on a higher level of estimation than the divine poem? All the steps in knowledge, from first to last, carry you farther on the same plane, but could never raise you one foot above your ancient level of earth; whereas the very first step in power is a flight—is an ascending into another element where earth is forgotten. The very highest work that has ever existed in the literature of knowledge is but a provisional work; whereas the feeblest works in the literature of power, surviving at all, survive as finished and unalterable among men.

Here then is a wise and perfect view of what constitutes the Literature of the nations. But it is the literature of power which genius creates, and with which it has a natural association. The Cookery-Book, the Almanac, the Railroad Guide, the Census Tables,—they are rather transitory and insecure: a breath of progress may sweep them all away. But that literature which glows with the life of the immortal soul, no mutation can shake, no decay can conquer. Hamlet is Hamlet to the day of doom, and the name of Shakespeare is eternal as the sun.

Let us now suppose Genius to be embodied in a living creature, and operating through this sublime medium of influence upon the human race. What are the motive powers which impel it, and what is its uniform experience?

Necessity is the powerful moving impulse of society. There are two kinds of necessity—the one is physical, the other intellectual. Necessity is said to be the mother of Invention. Probably that is true. But Invention is not her only child: Labor is also the child of Necessity. That is the condition of existence. The necessities both of body and mind must be supplied. So both the body and the mind must labor. Out of the necessities and consequent labors of the mind arises what we call Literature. It is the fruit of intellectual labor;—in its highest form, of intellectual labor penetrated with inspiration.

Next to this moving impulse of necessity is the impulse of ambition. Of this there are two forms: one demands Triumph; the other Truth. One is passionate; the other is calm. One is of narrow views, and desires temporal rewards; the other is broad and general, and desires eternal facts. Ambition for triumph grasps at worldly power, wealth, and renown: Ambition for truth aspires to achieve a noble life and develope a noble character, regardless of celebrity and outward show. With such an ambition it is enough that the soul is true to its highest instincts: The estimate of the world is not considered. Ambition for triumph made a Cæsar and a Napoleon: Ambition for truth formed the magnificent characters of Plato, Goethe, and Wordsworth. Ambition for triumph has created the monstrous grandeurs of the past: Ambition for truth has given us the greatest men of history.

Speaking through the lips of Iago, Shakespeare utters this truth: 'Each man should be that which he seems to be.' To seem great in the popular regard, at least for a time, is a possibility with the hypocritical man of intellect. To be actually great is quiet another thing; and it has been truly and well said that 'the greatest men are those of whom the world hears least.' In considering the lives of persons who have displayed genius in the profession of literature, it is apparent they have been affected by both these forms of ambition: therefore we find in their characters and experience, most vivid examples of almost supernal greatness, on the one hand, and on the other, of wasted powers and miserable life. But here, as in every department of art and action, those are the greatest men who have sought truth rather than triumph.

II.—Unseen Companions.

There cometh a time when the guilty soul
Is alone with the demons of doubt and sin;
When clouds are murky that round it roll,
And lightnings lurid that blaze within.

When the phantoms that rise from far-off years
Are the woful phantoms of peace and joy,
And the man may see, through his blinding tears,
The innocent face of the happy boy.

When terribly, round his desolate way,
Wild eyes are glancing everywhere;
When he cannot smile, and he dare not pray,—
For his heart is withered in wan despair!

But there cometh another, a better time,
When the fearful struggles of passion cease,
When the winds blow soft from a heavenly clime,
And the light in his soul is the starlight of peace.

Then Hope makes a Summer of diamond sheen
And violets flower the emerald sod,—
And he walks alone in a joy serene,
Alone with the angels—alone with God!

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

A FATAL LOVE.

BY ADA CLARE.

Henri Ernstein had been a resident of Paris but a few weeks, so it was not singular that the day on which our story opens, he should have lost his way in that great and universal metropolis. Henri's residence was in the Rue de Berri, and after walking all day, and wearying himself more than he cared to acknowledge, he arrived by a description of the most extraordinary circles, at the Church of 'Notre Dame de Lorette.' He had that repugnance to asking his way, which all persons feel in a strange town. Moreover, being far from an adept in the French language, he shrank from encountering that insulting pity which the Frenchman always wears in his face when a question is addressed to him in imperfect French. He did not know where a carriage could be obtained, and though omnibuses were continually passing him, he had no clue to their destinations. One of them, in dull red letters made the direful proposition of whirling him to the 'Barrière de l'Enfer,' while another, in cheerful green, assured him an immediate passage to 'Mont-Parnasse.' As Henri was not a poet, neither of these offers tempted him; besides, the arresting of a French omnibus is a matter of great boldness, perseverance, address.

Just as he was nearing the church, he became aware of the fact that some ceremonial was taking place within, so he concluded to enter, as much with a view of witnessing that ceremonial, as of resting himself after his weary walk.

He soon perceived that a number of young girls and boys were receiving their first communion. He had hardly taken his seat before his attention was arrested by a face whose extreme loveliness was heightened by the freshness of extreme youth. It was sometime ere he began to notice her dress, but when he did, he perceived that though very neat and very tasteful, it denoted respectable poverty.

While he was thus intently gazing at her, she turned her face suddenly, and their eyes met. A look of curiosity, of surprise, deepened the expression of her face, while this was suffused with a blush of confusion.

Just at the moment that the full beauty of her face was turned upon him, a sudden sensation as of memory struck sharp against a foreknowledge of the future, smote across his soul with a thrill of undertoned and mysterious pain. In the events of his after life, he had cause to look back upon that sensation, with most bitter remembering.

When the ceremony of the communion was over, Henri followed mechanically in the steps of those who were leaving the church, and began to walk listlessly down the 'Rue Laffitte.' As he was thus walking and musing, he came into violent contact with the slight figure of a woman, who was leading by the hand a little girl, clothed in white, who had evidently been one of the juvenile communicants. To Henri's entreaties for forgiveness a face was turned, and it was the face that had caught his attention in the church.

After a dozen assurances on his part that it was accidental, and on hers that Monsieur would do her a favor not to speak of it, it occurred to Henri that he might prolong the conversation by inquiring his way.

"Would Mademoiselle have the kindness to inform me in which direction lies the 'Rue de Berri?'

"O, Monsieur is very far from it, very far, indeed."

"Of whom, then, should I ask my way, or how best should I get home without being laughed at?"

"Monsieur is afraid of being laughed at! Well, it is hardly so far, after all, and if Monsieur will accept my guidance, I will offer to conduct him, as I am going in that direction myself."

Henri, though astonished at this confidence in a stranger, so rare in a French girl, accepted her escort with delight.

As they walked slowly along, Henri's admiration for her beauty was vastly heightened by the charm of her easy, simple, and modest conversation. She informed him that the young communicant was her little sister Julie, that her intelligence was of that rare and wondrous kind which every child has been supposed to possess. That her own name was Hortense Desiré, and that her mother and herself, though in receipt of a small income, added to it by embroidering for a fancy store. That they lived in the 'Rue de Fauburg St. Honoré,' on the fourth floor, and that they cultivated two roses and a honeysuckle, which were placed in that window where the sun shone in the morning.

As they approached the neighborhood in which Mademoiselle Hortense lived, the young lady was suddenly seized with the fear that her mamma would upbraid her for allowing a strange gentleman to walk home with her. After much discussion it was agreed that Henri should go home with her, and plead his own cause with the terrible mamma. At any rate Miss Hortense remarked, with the loveliest glow of kindness on her innocent face, that she should have the satisfaction of having been of service to a gentleman in distress, even if her mother refused to be appeased.

When on reaching the very door of the young lady's apartment, and the sound of footsteps announced that it was about to be opened, Henri's heart began to beat heavily in expectation of beholding a very formidable personage. To his surprise a still young woman appeared, whose personal beauty was very rare indeed, and whose dainty little person was set off to the best advantage by that exquisite French taste which beautifies everything it touches. Henri scarcely knew which to admire most, the mature beauty of the mother, or the half-blown loveliness of the daughter.

As soon as they had entered into the little parlor, Henri began to make an elaborate explanation. But what with nervousness, confusion, and very unsteady French, he had a melancholy time of it, for after the anguish of much speaking, Madame did not understand that he had been lost, but supposed him to be discoursing in a remarkable manner on partridges. Here Hortense came to his aid, and explained the adventure to her mother. Madame did not seem inexorable; in fact she did not seem offended at all. Indeed such was the courtesy with which Henri was treated, that he soon found himself sufficiently assured to ask as an extreme favor that Madame would allow him to conduct herself and daughters to the theatre the following night.

At this proposition, Mademoiselle Julie went off into convulsions of rapture, and Mademoiselle Hortense was artless enough to clasp her arms about her mother's neck, and press two warm kisses on her fair cheek. This silent appeal seemed to set at rest the mother's uncertainty, and she accepted his invitation with great graciousness.

Henri, on rising to go, was about to hand his card to Madame, but on a second and an evil thought, he concluded to give her an assumed name. So he took out a blank card, wrote Carl Sontag upon it, and handed it to her. She received it with a smile, and after making the most respectful adieu, and assuring her that he would find his way home from that neighborhood, he descended into the street below.

His first emotion on leaving the house was self-congratulation at having encountered so charming a family. After this he had time to think over the personal beauty of Hortense. He remembered with a troubled heart the mass of her light brown hair, thrown off from her white brow, the graceful turn of the fair throat, and the tender earnestness of her large brown eyes, which seemed to have far down beneath their surface a deep and changeless melancholy. Her voice, too, he thought was destitute of that levity generally found in young French girls; nay, when she spoke it seemed to have a refrain, which echoed its way far down into the deeps of a yearning and ardent heart. Henri mentally determined to make any self-sacrifice, rather than disturb the peace of such a loving and gentle creature.

The next evening he was faithful to his appointment, and found the three ladies in the wildest flutter of expectation. The theatre he had chosen was the 'Vaudeville,' and the play that drama of adorable comicality 'Les Faux Bonshommes.' Henri thought that one set of human beings had never given another such extreme entertainment, as the gnactors of that piece did to the members of his little party.

Julie could hardly be persuaded to leave the theatre until Henri promised her the pleasure of seeing another play at no distant time.

During the course of that evening he engaged the services of Hortense as an instructor in French, and it was settled that he should go every day at a certain hour, to receive her instructions. Henri had come to Paris with the ostensible purpose of studying medicine, but his conscience was easily persuaded that he must first study French.

Several weeks passed away and his improvement in the language was so wonderful, that he was enabled without much suffering to converse for hours with Hortense. In the meanwhile he continued most profusely in his civilities to the family, until the heart of mother and sister were completely won.

One night, about five weeks after the commencement of his acquaintance, he obtained a stage-box at the 'Ambigu-Comique,' and invited Madame and her daughters to go there with him to see the play of 'Benvenuto Cellina.' His invitation was of course accepted, and great joy was expressed that they were to be refreshed with pathos instead of comedy that night.

Henri thought he detected in Hortense a look of languor if not of suffering; that she was sad he was certain, for at every plaintive strain in the drama, he saw a heavy tear gather on her eyelash, ere she brushed it hastily away. There is a heart rending scene in this play, where the heroine grieves over a disappointed love. At this point our poor little Hortense immediately dropped her head in her hands, and broke into piteous sobbings. It was some minutes ere her agitation could be soothed; then she calmed the anxious solicitations of her mother by assuring her that it was the heat, the closeness of the theatre, the interest of the play, a headache, etc. But Henri was not so easily convinced. A joyous suspicion of the real cause of her emotion flashed across his mind. "I am loved," he said as he watched the trembling of her mouth, and saw the eyes, still filled with tears, avoiding his own. He dropped his hand at his side to seek for hers, and when he found it, it just fluttered for a moment in his, then was still.

The following day he called upon her at an hour when he knew her mother and sister would be absent, determined to offer her his hand and heart. Hortense was alone looking very pale, but to his surprise her eyes met his with pure confidence, without a trace of embarrassment, and the roses in her cheek did not gather the faintest blush upon their whiteness. That their faith was plighted the one to the other each of them felt, as also that the time was come for mutual vows of love, yet neither of them evinced the least shadow of agitation.

When he had told her of his love, of his desire to unite his fate with her for all time, her lips and eyelids just trembled a little, then she came frankly to him, sat close beside him on the sofa, and dropped her white face on his shoulder. He put his arm very softly about her, and gazed gently down into the still, sad eyes that looked so calmly and honestly up into his.

They say that the drowning man in those few moments in which the soul is tolling out of the body, sees the whole record of his past, blazing in fiery characters before him. So in this moment when Henri's former levity of character was being drowned out of him, he saw all the sad and emotional events of his life irradiated with the melancholy light of pathos, shining clear before him. Troubled with these emotions he bent over and pressed the first kiss of love on her lips—the kiss without passion of a love that knew no tumult.

From that day all gaiety dropped like a veil from the face and heart of Hortense, leaving them shrouded in a dead, grave calm. She moved about the house a still spirit, performing every duty, ever ready to minister to each want and desire of mother and sister, but the resigned, sober look never brightened in her eyes, the fixed trouble never melted into smiles on her mouth.

Mamma at first teased, then remonstrated, then grieved, but all in vain. Finally she concluded that nothing would restore her to herself, but union with the man who held her heart, and for that she must patiently wait.

As soon as Hortense's approval was obtained, Henri wrote to his father, stating the case simply and truly, and entreating his consent to marry, at the same time fully determined to do so, whatever answer he might receive.

Ten days passed away without a word from his father,

until one morning just as he was about to go out for his breakfast, a heavy knock came on the door, which proved to be from the hand of that gentleman himself.

Henri's father did not appear to have seen thirty-five Winters, but the fact was that forty-two Summers had offered him their shining fruits and flowers. His type was different, in fact antagonistic to that of Henri, for he had large black eyes, and a bright, dark complexion. Altogether, most persons would have considered him the perfection of mature, manly beauty. The first glance at him convinced Henri that his consent was granted, that he had come to make it the more sure by giving it in person, so he greeted him with a long, affectionate embrace.

As soon as they had breakfasted together, Ernstein senior proposed going at once to the residence of his future daughter. As they walked along, Henri told his father how fearful he had been that the marriage would have been forbidden him on account of the lady's inferiority in point of station and fortune. Then his father told him that as soon as the opportunity offered itself, he would relate to him a story of his own early life, which would prove the folly and the madness of such worldly pride.

"I came here in person, my son," he said, "in order to prove to thee how much I honored thy manly and unselfish conduct. I am proud of thee, that thou couldst not win and then throw aside a loving and innocent heart. Ah! if thy father had been so wise—but I will tell thee all to-night. Now I must think of happier things, in order to welcome most heartily thy fair bride."

It occurred to Henri only as they were ascending the stairs, that his father was unacquainted with the name of his love. At this additional proof of confidence in himself, he only felt the more happy and grateful. The bell was answered by Julie, and her they followed into the parlor. In a few minutes Madame entered, with her violet eyes drowned in smiles, and her glowing cheeks seeming to stain the air about her with rich color.

As soon as she perceived Henri's father, the violets in her eyes and the roses on her cheeks seemed smitten with a deadly, blasting frost. He was equally changed and agitated by her presence, and 'Vivienne!' and 'Henri!' broke mutually from their lips. In another moment he was holding her close in his arms, and she was clinging passionately to his breast.

Henri was only aroused from the overwhelming astonishment into which this scene had thrown him, by hearing in a heart-rending voice—'O my God, I have loved my brother.' She knew it all, the supernal instinct of despair laid the whole story at once naked before her eyes. None had noticed that she had followed her mother immediately into the room.

Henri turned and saw her standing there rigid and motionless like death wrought out in the whiteness of marble. At a glance he took in the dreadful pallor of her face, the infinite grief in her wide eyes, the throes of her white and shapeless lips. He would have caught her in his arms, but she shudderingly waved him off, then said in measured, low voice, "My father, why have you mercilessly abandoned your child, and left her to die thus of grief and shame?"

"O my daughter, my little Hortense, can you not forgive your father? Believe he has expiated his crime in much suffering. But now that he has found you, he will cherish you as the chief treasure of life. If you have lost a husband, you have found a father and a brother, I a wife and a daughter. Will you not come to these arms, where as a tender, lisping infant you have so often been hushed to sleep. Will you not come to my heart?"

"Nay, nay," she said; "I have nought to do with living hearts, for mine is fainting away to death. Not in thine either, mother; nor in thine, Henri: you three have combined to ruin and kill me;—are you satisfied? Why, my mother, did you not confide to me the history of my birth, and of my father! And why, Henri, have you given me a name that cannot have been your own?"

Henri hung his head in shame, and knew not what to reply.

"Three of you united in deception to break my heart! O, why had I not instinct to know you were my brother? Now I cannot be your sister—I am bowed with shame. Come hither, little Julie; thou hast never wronged me: come hither, and let thy sister look on one loving face ere she drops into the dark gulf of death."

Her whole body fell back in a heap on the chair; the agonistic strugglings of remorse and despair seemed to have broken up the central point on which turned vital power of resistance, and blotted her pure and perfect face into a white and shapeless mass.

At the entreaty of her mother, Henri was led away by the elder Ernstein, in the belief that her agitation could never be soothed in his presence.

As they rode home, his father related to him the story of his own youth. How after the death of Henri's mother, he had sought distraction in the gay metropolis of Paris; how he had there loved and wedded Vivienne Desiré; how he had feared to acknowledge the unequal marriage to his father; how he had abandoned Vivienne when Hortense, or Henriette as she was then called, was a yearling baby; and how he had so arranged his affairs that a small income should fall annually into the hands of the mother—enough at least to secure her from want.

Henri told his father how, in the mutual love of Hortense and himself, there had never been any affection that might not have subsisted between brother and sister, upon which purity of affection he grounded his hope that Hortense world soon be able to see in him a dear brother, in which light he was already able to view her.

That evening Henri, at the request of his father, remained at home, while the latter went to ascertain the state of the daughter's health and the mother's mind.

Vivienne Desiré received him with frigidity, did not even offer him her hand, and remained standing while she spoke to him.

"I have come to ask of your—of our daughter, Vivienne, how is she?"

"My daughter, sir, is very faint and ill, and needs at the moment my care."

"Vivienne, there was a time when you did not call me sir. Will you not listen to me kindly for a few moments?"

She bowed her head.

"Vivienne, you know that I did once love you, that I left you with regret; but you do not know what I have suffered for the crime of deserting you. You do not know that your image has ever been at the inmost core of my heart. That I vainly sought for you several years past, when you were probably not in this city. That at any moment, in thse long, weary years since we parted, I fondly desired to acknowledge you as my honored wife. Learn, then, that I love you still; that I now humbly implore you to take that place in my heart and home which you have so long been denied." She bowed her head lower still. "I know, dearest Vivienne, that while I have been growing an older and a graver man, you have been only perfecting your mature and glowing beauty. But for the sake of our old love, of our child, will you not strive to restore me the heart I so little merit?"

By this time her head drooped heavily on her breast, and he heard the faint sound of sobs growing thicker as he listened. Is it necessary to say that these two hearts closed together in one life again? Could any woman that remembers, and loves, and is entreated, be inexorable? I think not; nay, I know not.

Hour after hour flew by, while these two, folded in each other's arms, exchanged their mutual loves and vows, wandered in sorrowful tenderness to the distant past, and planned a faithful and inseparable future.

It was near midnight before he thought of the son he had left at home, or she of the heart-wounded daughter who lay hushed in grief so near her. Her memory returned to her with the sound of a deep moan, at which she started, and immediately disappeared from the room. In a moment she returned to say that her daughter was nervous and suffering, and [illegible] that he would leave her for the night.

The following day the father and son arrived early at the apartment of Madame Desiré, who from this day, was to assume the name of Ernstein, which legally belonged to her. They found Hortense reclining upon a sofa, with her mother seated beside her. At their entrance the latter greeted them with bright smiles, but the former, lying motionless on her sofa, answered their anxious inquiries after her health, with mournful face and subdued voice. All their efforts to interest and distract her mind were equally futile. The same dry eyes and white face were hers at last as at first. She had formerly been very fond of flowers, but now the rare and fragrant cluster of them that Henri placed in her hand, was pressed for a moment to her sighing lips, then it fluttered down from her wan fingers and was forgotten.

Day after day they strove to break the toils of this deep dejection in which her soul was caught, but that soul was torn with the pangs of remorse, and utterly refused to be comforted. She said she desired only to lapse into the sleep of death. She prayed that they would make her a grave far away from Paris, in the quiet, peaceful earth, where the sound of the world's storm-tost life would to her be mute, where nature would wrap her in its green mantle of peacefulness, and those perennial wild flowers that smile up in the austere eye of Winter would flush over her the glory of their crimson immortality.

As hour after hour dropped slowly and blankly off into the past, her heart grew sadder and heavier. No eloquence of appeal or cunningness of logic could convince her that she had not sinned. Her heart wore itself away with weeping for the guilt, which she believed to be equal to her woe. This pure and divine creature persisted ever in stripping off the white robes of an angel, in which heaven and the goodness of her own heart had clothed her, to shroud herself in the solemn blackness of despair and death.

Vivienne Ernstein and her husband finally became convinced that the heart of her life was stricken, and that its life-blood was ebbing away drop by drop, pang by pang, grief by grief. They then concluded that the only chance of life she had, was in being removed from the presence of familiar scenes and faces, as well as from the presence of Henri. It was arranged between them that they should secretly prepare to leave for Germany, without the knowledge of Henri, lest he should insist upon accompanying them. The day for their departure was fixed for one on which the young man should necessarily be absent from Paris.

On that day accordingly, the three set forth in a capacious travelling carriage, as it was proposed to take the journey in short and easy stages. Hortense neither resisted nor questioned when she was made ready for the journey, but submitted with a patient and touching listlessness. When they placed her in the carriage she neither spoke of, nor appeared to remember Henri. She seemed locked in the jaws of a ghastly and treacherous calm, and gave no sign of vitality except the stertorous breathing and slow pulsations of sick life.

That evening, Henri having accomplished his business sooner than he intended, returned to the city at once. On arriving at his lodgings he was astounded to find a note from his father, announcing his departure with his wife and daughter. Henri flew to the residence of Hortense, and learned from the concierge that they had left in a carriage some hours before; that is to say, Madame and her daughter had been taken away in the carriage,—Julie had been placed in a school that very day. Fortunately she was able to inform him exactly of the road they had taken, and with this information he determined to follow them.

He was able to find a horse at a neighboring stable, and deeming that to be the quickest manner of overtaking them, he mounted it and rode forth without delay.

It was now about dusk of a sombre evening in Autumn. The leaves swam and tottered about on the waves of a heavy, rolling wind. There was an oppressiveness in the air that betokens the coming of a storm, and it seemed to intensify the presentiment of evil within him. A sense of loneliness hung dull about him, and with it a host of thronging thoughts and memories rushed to his mind, mixed with great bitterness and pain. He was torn with regrets, troubled with the melancholy storm-atmosphere, as he listened to the heavy beatings of his sick heart, each little pulse rolling heavily off from it, and leaving it the sadder for its flight. Faster and thicker the leaves swirled about him, and plainer and deeper grew the evil foreboding within.

After several hour's hard riding, Henri thought he distinguished the dark outline of a carriage in the road before him. At this sight he urged his horse on to its utmost speed, and in a few moments he found that he was gaining fast upon it. At last he was near enough to cry out to them to stop, and in another moment he was at the window of the carriage, and could plainly see by the wan, cold light of the moon, his father and Vivienne sitting close and lovingly together, while Hortense was supported with pillows on the front seat. In another moment he had sprang into the carriage. "Hortense," he whispered, but there was no answer.

"I think," said his father, "that she sleeps; it is now several hours since she has spoken. My Vivienne and I have whispered in order not to disturb her."

"How was she, sir, when you left Paris?"

"She was very calm and silent, and has not spoken at all except in faint replies to her mother. Since that time she has sighed many times, but for the last two hours has been quite still. So we sat very close, and whispered softly in order not to awaken her."

"Has she seemed more ill to-day than usual?"

"Yes, much weaker, but we must not despond; time and new scenes will renew her strength and life. Nothing that love or wealth can do shall be spared in brightening her future. Her wishes shall be germs out of which full-timed fruit shall ever grow. I know the red roses will blush and blow again in her sweet lips and cheeks, and her eyes, like the pure heaven, shall show shining stars in their deeps. My sweet little daughter has done with sorrow and trial now."

"She seems to lie stiffly, sir; had I not better place her head gently on my shoulder? O father, O my father! I cannot bend her form—it is stiff and cold like marble." Both mother and father now sprang forward and caught her hands in theirs, the mother with an awfully tragic cry of grief and fear.

"O father, O mother! her throat, her face, her lips are cold and still. No breath comes from her mouth. Quick! a light; we may revive her. O Hortense! O my sweet sister! O my soul!"

The elder Ernstein struck a light with much difficulty, his agitation causing his hands to tremble and quiver so. Finally he succeeded in lighting a carriage-lamp and holding it before the face of the girl.

Alas me! what a sight it shone upon! Closed eyes, and white lips, and ashen face, and drooping, patient palms! Vain the chafing of the poor hands, vain, vain the cherishing of the pale cheek, vain the agonized breathing into the still lips. No warmth, no motion, no life there. Vain the cries of the mother, the remorse of the father, the pleadings for forgiveness of the brother. All calm, and pure, and silent there. Yet all that look of pain and doubt had faded from her features. No more self-torture, no more breaking of heart, every fixed lineament of her pure and placid face spoke eloquently of peace, and hope, and joy. The shadow of light had fallen upon her face, lifting it to the saint's look of glorified calm; Death had branded it in forever.

—Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. have commenced the publication of their Library edition of Bulwer's Novels. The first two volumes, comprising 'The Caxtons,' are now ready, and will be followed by a volume on the first of each month, till the series is completed. In respect to mechanical style and execution, these volumes are elegant enough to satisfy the purest and most fastidious taste.

The Saturday Press Book-List.

For the week ending March 24, 1860.

Of course the reader and [illegible] of the file of New Books [illegible] in his SATURDAY PRESS, *[illegible] by merely mentioning them as [illegible] book, printed in comely type, is a very valuable [illegible].*—HARPER'S WEEKLY, Nov. 12, 1859.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

RELIGIOUS.

The Supremacy and Obligation of Conscience: Considered with reference to the opposite errors of Romanism and Protestantism. By the Rev. Samuel Seabury, D.D., Rector of the church of the Annunciation, New York. 8vo, paper, pp. 63. New York: Daniel Dana, Jr.

Disquisitions and Notes on the Gospels—Matthew. By Rev. John H. Morison, D.D. Large 12mo. 500 pages. $1 25. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

A Memorial of J. Addison Alexander, D.D., containing an account of his illness and death; Address to the Students, by the Rev. Dr. Hodge; the Obsequies and the Funeral Discourse, by Rev. John Hall, D.D. 16mo. 25 cents. Philadelphia: Wm. S. & Alfred Martien.

Life of Andrew Jackson. By James Parton. In 3 volumes, 8vo. With steel portraits. Vol. 2, $2 50. New York: Mason Brothers.

HISTORICAL.

History of the Origin, Formation, and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States. By George T. Curtis. Embracing Sketches of Washington, Franklin, King, Hamilton, Madison, Randolph, Wilson, Chas. Cotesworth Pinckney, Gouverneur Morris. New and revised edition. 2 vols., 8vo. $4 to $6, according to binding. New York: Harper & Bros.

Diary of the Siege of Detroit in the War with Pontiac. Also a Narrative of the Principal Events of the Siege, by Major Robert Rogers; a Plan for conducting Indian Affairs, by Colonel Bradstreet; and other authentic Documents, never before printed. Edited, with Notes, by Franklin B. Hough. 4to, pp. 304. $6. J. Munsell.

History of Salisbury, Vermont. By John M. Weeks. 12mo, pp. 362. Middlebury, Vt.: A. H. Copeland.

LEGAL.

Institutes of International Law, Public and Private, as settled by the Supreme Court of the United States, and by our Republic. With References to Judicial Decisions. By Daniel Gardner, Counsellor-at-Law, of the New York Bar. 8vo. $6. New York: John S. Voorhies.

NOVELS.

Our Bible Class, and the Good that Came of it. By Miss Caroline E. Fairfield. 12mo, pp. 282. New York: Derby & Jackson.

POETRY.

Our Modern Athens; or, Who is First? A Poem. By Anisetas. Boston: Redding & Co.

TRAVELS.

Letters from Switzerland. By Samuel Irenæus Prime, author of Travels in Europe and the East, etc., etc. 12mo, pp. 284. New York: Sheldon & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Heroes of the Indian Rebellion. By D. W. Bartlett. 8vo, pp. 456. Columbus, Ohio: Follett, Foster & Co.

Spiritualism Tested; or, The Facts of its History Classified, and their Cause in Nature Verified from Ancient and Modern Testimonies. By George W. Samson, D.D., President of Columbia College, Washington. 16mo. 42 cents. New York: Gould & Lincoln.

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Helper's Impending Crisis Dissected. By Samuel M. Wolfe, Esq., of Virginia. 8vo, pp. 223. 25 cents to $1, according to binding. Philadelphia: J. T. Lloyd.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

RELIGIOUS.

The Stars and the Angels. 1 vol., 12mo. $1 25. Philadelphia: W. S. & A. Martien.

NOVELS.

Rita: An Autobiography. Boston: Mayhew & Baker.

Say and Seal. By the author of Queechy, The Wide, Wide World, etc. 2 vols., 12mo. $2. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The Caxtons. A Family Picture. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Baronet. Library edition. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 306-367. $2. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

HISTORICAL.

Lingard's History of England. 13 vols., 12mo. Illustrated with 14 steel engravings, by Goodall. $10 to $20. New York: R. O'Shea.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Chambers's Cyclopædia. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. Part XII. 15 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Fundamental Ideas of Mechanics, and Experimental Data. By A. Morin. Revised, Translated, and Reduced to English Units of Measure, by Joseph Bennett, Civil Engineer. 1 vol., 8vo. pp. 445. Illustrated with plates. $3. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

ENGLISH.

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Ullmann's Essence of Christianity, described with reference to Modern Methods of Interpretation; also for the Educated Laity. Translated by the Rev. J. Blenedell, B.A. Crown 8vo. 5s. 6d. London: Haschard & Co.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Memoir of the Life of the late Ary Scheffer. By Mrs. Grote. London: John Murray.

HISTORICAL.

History of the Papacy, under the title of Cathedra Petri: A Political History of the Great Latin Patriarchate. Books I. to VIII., inclusive. By Thomas Greenwood, M.A. Vol. III. 12s. 6d. London: Hickbroom & Stapleton.

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POETRY.

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The Poets and Poetry of Munster: a Selection of Irish Songs by the Poets of the Last Century. With Metrical Translations. By Erionnach. Second Series. Dublin: O'Daly.

NOVELS.

Seven Tales by Seven Authors. Edited by F. E. Smedley, Esq., author of Frank Fairleigh, etc. London: Hall, Virtue & Co.

Tinsel and Gold: a Fireside Story. By Joseph Verey, author of Tales for the Twilight. 8vo. 5s. 6d. London: Blackwood.

New Relations. London: Charles Westerton.

Which is Which? or, Miles Cassidy's Contract. A Picture Story. By Robert B. Brough. 3 vols., post 8vo. London: W. Kent & Co.

Bengala; or, Some Time Ago. A Romance of the Bush. By Mrs. Vidal, author of Tales of the Bush. London: John W. Parker & Son.

Mademoiselle Mori: a Tale of Modern Rome. 8vo. 12s. London: John W. Parker & Son.

A Mother's Trials. By the author of My Lady. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

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The Step-Mother; or, Will She be a Nun? By Florence. 8vo. London: Blackwood.

The Story of a Lost Life. By Wm. Platt, author of Betty Westminster, Mothers and Sons, etc. 3 vols. 31s. 6d. London: Newby.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Trades Unions and Strikes: their Philosophy and Intention. By T. J. Dunning. 8vo, pp. 52. 1s. London: Shirley.

The Mysteries of Freemasonry; or, an Exposition of the Religious Dogmas and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians; showing their Identity with the order of Modern Masonry, with some remarks on the Metamorphosis of Apuleius. By John Fellows. 12mo, illustrated, cloth. 5s. London: Reeves.

Palæontology; or, A Systematic Summary of Extinct Animals and their Geological Relations. By Richard Owen, F.R.S., Superintendent of the Natural History Departments in the British Museum, etc. 8vo. 16s. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.

The Merchants' Polyglot Manual, in Nine Languages, English, German, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, and Norwegian, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese; chiefly extracted from the Tariffs of all Nations. By E. H. Michaelson, Ph.D. of the Board of Trade. 1 vol., 8vo. 12s. London: Longman.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS

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For the week ending Saturday, March [illegible], 1860.

The Mus[illegible] by F. O. C. D[illegible] pp. [illegible] V. [illegible] and & Co.

Our Bible C[illegible] E. Fairfield. [illegible] pp. [illegible] York: Derby & Jackson. 1860.

Letters from Switzerland. [illegible] Prime, author of Travels in Europe and the East, etc., etc. 12mo, pp. 284. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1860.

Dick Rodney: The Story of a Boy who Loved Mischief, and How he was Cured of His Evil Habits. By Francis Forrester, Esq., author of My Uncle Toby's Library, Guy Carleton, etc. 12mo, [illegible].

The Queen's Domain; and other Poems. By William Winter. 12mo, pp. 144. Boston: E. O. Libby & Co. New York: Charles Scribner. 1860.

Travel: Its Pleasures, Advantages, and Requirements. A Lecture by J. H. Siddons. Delivered at Clinton Hall, New York, February [illegible].

Julian Home. A Tale of College Life. By Frederic W. Farrar, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, author of Eric, or Little by Little. 12mo, pp. 456. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1860.

The Caxtons. A Family Picture. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. Library Edition. 2 vols. 12mo, pp. 306-367. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1860.

The Supremacy of the Obligation of Conscience: Considered with reference to the opposite errors of Romanism and Protestantism. By the Rev. Samuel Seabury, D.D., Rector of the church of the Annunciation, New York. 8vo, paper, pp. 41. New York: Daniel Dana, Jr. 1860.

Hymns and Carols for Lent and Easter Tide. Arranged by the Rev. J. Freeman Young, an Assistant Minister of Trinity College, New York. Paper, pp. 32. New York: Daniel Dana, Jr. 1860.

The Facts; or, At Whose Door does the Sin (?) Lie? Who Profits by Slave Labor? Who Initiated the Slave Trade? What have the Philanthropists Done? These Questions Answered, by George Francis Train, author of Young America Abroad, Young America in Wall Street, Spread Eagleism, Young America and Old England. 12mo, pp. 144. New York: R. M. De Witt. 1860.

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The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

NEW YORK, MARCH 24, 1860.

HAWTHORNE.

The senile editor of *The Sunday Courier* is after us with solicitude and a sharp stick. Being troubled in his mind with the belief that we have made a blunder, he comes to our rescue with the following benevolent paragraph:

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—Our youthful and inexperienced cotemporary, the SATURDAY PRESS, says, in speaking of the Marble Faun:

"Previous to the publication of 'The Scarlet Letter,' no American author was so little known as Hawthorne."

Such a singular error as this would have been made only by one so young. Previous to the publication of the Scarlet Letter there was hardly an American author more widely known, at least among American readers, than Hawthorne. He had been an active and popular contributor to the magazines, before the publication of the Scarlet Letter, some twenty years, and his 'Mosses from an Old Manse,' had rendered his name almost as familiar in England as that of Washington Irving.

It is rather a trivial matter to discuss, but, out of kindness for the senile person aforesaid, we will endeavor to soothe his troubled spirit by showing that we have made no mistake at all.

The character of Hawthorne's writings,—which address themselves peculiarly and exclusively to imaginative and cultivated minds,—is such as arbitrarily precludes their popularity. Accordingly Hawthorne never was, is not now, and probably never will be a popular writer. This is rather creditable than otherwise to him. When Cobb stars are in the ascendant, it is "better to err with Pope than shine with Pye."

'The Scarlet Letter' it was that first made the name of Hawthorne a golden word. From the time when that book appeared, his audience has been increasing. But the established facts regarding his literary career, amply prove that he was scarcely known at all prior to its publication. His first book was a romance, published anonymously, at Boston, in 1832. The first series of 'Twice-Told Tales' appeared in 1837. They were collected from Magazines. It was five years before the second series appeared, in 1842. In 1845 was published the 'Journal of an African Cruiser,' which Hawthorne edited from the MSS. of Lieutenant Bridge. In 1846, he made and issued a third collection of Magazine papers, entitled 'Mosses from an Old Manse.' The book was attractive to a few cultivated people, but it did not pass to a second edition till eight years after its first publication. It was in 1846, also, that Hawthorne accepted the office of Surveyor in the Custom House at Salem. In 1850 he published 'The Scarlet Letter,' and immediately his books began to be more widely sold, circulated, and read. 'The House of Seven Gables' appeared in 1851, and in 1852 'The Blithedale Romance.' It does not seem, however, that his literary success was very satisfactory, for in the same year he wrote the Life of Pierce,—between which performance and his subsequent appointment to the Consulship of Liverpool, the connection cannot be altogether obscure, even to the logical perception of the senile editor.

LETTERS FROM SWITZERLAND.

The Reverend Samuel Irenæus Prime [illegible] doing the Diary-business in Switzerland. The [illegible] of his adventures [illegible] dialectation of [illegible] 'Letters from Switzerland,' [illegible] published [illegible] this city by Messrs. [illegible] Copeland in Boston by Messrs. Gould & Lincoln.

We have read this cheerful lucubration, because of a certain kindness we feel for Switzerland and its people. The sturdy little republic, throned on the bosom of [illegible], and proudly defiant of all the tyranny and corruption around it, prefigures a nobler civilization, and is the dawning hope of Europe. The patriotic American—if that individual is extant anywhere—naturally loves to talk about Switzerland. It was there William Tell performed those little feats of archery which made his country free, and his name immortal. There, speaking in the mild accents of poetry, is 'the free heart's hope and home, by angel hands to valor given;' or, to employ an expression yet more novel, 'the land of the free and the home of the brave.'

It is equally natural that the romantic and poetical person, the man of tender heart and gushing sensibilities, should love to talk about Switzerland. Probably that is why we are talking about it now. Probably, also, that is why the reverend and enthusiastic Samuel Irenæus Prime has been talking about it so extensively. The poetic associations of Switzerland are indeed very suggestive to a tender and gushing disposition. There is Lucerne and the Schreckhorn, the Jungfrau, and The Devil's Bridge. There are the pious Monks, and the dogs of St. Bernard, whose fortune it was to discover the incautious youth of 'Excelsior,' lifeless but beautiful. There is lovely Interlachen, memorable in the romance of 'Hyperion.' Leman is there, and Geneva, and the fatal Rossberg. Thither Byron went,—an exile and a wanderer,—to feel the magnificent poetry which he uttered in 'Childe Harold' and 'Manfred.' There Gibbon closed with sonorous periods his stupendous history of the Roman Empire. There Rousseau convulsed Europe with the philosophy of 'Emile,' and the poetic passion of 'Héloise.' There Coleridge beheld Mont Blanc and sang his immortal Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni. It is a region hallowed forever by the grandeur of nature, and by the splendors of art.

Such being the case, it is not wonderful that the Reverend Samuel Irenæus Prime should have thought Switzerland a very good thing to do, and should have done it accordingly. In what year of our Lord this erudite and adventurous ecclesiastic swooped upon that country, we have no information. The book informs us it was 'one lovely Summer day in the early part of the month of August.' It further appears that his sojourn in those parts was of a month's duration.

We are particular about dates in this connection, because when a traveller offers the public his observations on a foreign country, the presumption is that he has lived long enough in that country to have learned something about it. A month is a long time, indeed, when an expectant heir is waiting the sorrowful intelligence of his beloved father's decease. It is a long time when Carrie Jane is cruel, and will not write to her anxious and suffering lover. It is a long time for a widow to mourn. It is a long time in which to be hard up. In fact there are several cases in which a month may be considered a long time. But a month is not a long time for the attainment of information by any wise observer of life in foreign countries. It is significantly remarked by Hawthorne, in the preface to his 'Marble Faun,' that 'a foreigner seldom acquires that knowledge of a country, at once flexible and profound, which may justify him in endeavoring to idealise its traits.' It is equally rare, we may add, that he is justified by his knowledge in the endeavor even to depict them. Certainly he is not so justified by the knowledge he acquires in a month of observation.

The Reverend Samuel Irenæus Prime has, by his 'Letters from Switzerland,' emphatically illustrated the truth of this remark. As a picture of life in Switzerland, his book is entirely worthless. It is a volume of the merest commonplace personal twaddle, such as far too many people are persistently imposing on the public, with either the absurd desire to gratify a petty vanity, or the miserable hope of what amounts to nothing less than a pecuniary swindle.

Of what possible consequence to the public are the very commonplace experiences of any or every traveller on the continent of Europe? That Mr. Dulcet Fitz-Foodle rode in a diligence from Havre to Paris, and that the Reverend Samuel Irenæus Prime rode in a rail-car from Baden-Baden to Basle, may be facts important enough to Mr. Dulcet and to the reverend Samuel; but the public, totally and sublimely ignorant alike of Mr. Dulcet and of the reverend Samuel, does not care a copper where they rode or walked. Accordingly, it is merely impertinent and absurd for either of those persons to offer the public any information on the subject.

Now these 'Letters from Switzerland' comprise a quantity of information relative to a multitude of facts of the description we have indicated. It is actually true that the Reverend Samuel Irenæus Prime did cause his most sanctified and sacred self to be transported, in a rail-car, from Baden-Baden to Basle. Moreover the reverend Samuel slept there over night, and ate breakfast there in the morning. Subsequently, at the town of Constance, he slept again,—this time in a bed which he assures us had 'linen sheets.' On several occasions, and at various places, he repeated this process of sleeping: once he slept where there were fleas. Also he frequently ate, drank, walked, and rode. At Zurich he met an English lady and gentleman, who were delighted with the landscape. On the verge of the Lake of Zurich he found a Mr. Baur's 'Hotel and Pension,' which he does not hesitate to pronounce the most elegant he has seen in Europe. At Goldau he walked into a church; and—as he went somewhere else afterwards—he probably walked out of it. From the top of a mountain he once beheld a fine sunset; and a lady standing near him said the sun was 'fit to light such a scene.' It further appears that he found it easier in general to go down hill than to go up; that at Lucerne an aged priest took off his hat and bowed, like anybody else; that the wind blew severely on the twenty-fourth of August, just at nightfall; that he once asked a little girl if there was any bridge in a certain direction, and she said 'No'; that shortly afterwards he called at a farm-house, and asked the farmer's wife if she had any milk, and she said 'Yah'; that he once visited a mill, but did not talk with the miller because the noise of the machinery prevented conversation,—which, by the way, we think was rather fortunate for the miller; that on the same occasion he met a number of 'hearty looking girls, with no hats on,' who behaved modestly in his presence; that at Grutli 'every American will feel a sympathetic thrill of joy to look at the birthplace of a country's freedom;' that he walked one day in Altorf and was very much moved; that once, in walking up a mountain, he overtook a carriage, in which was an English gentleman, who invited him to ride; that he encountered a German student who desired to be taught how to feel and believe, and that he embraced the German student, and 'longed to lead him to the light of day;' that he saw and admired a number of rainbows; that his own emotions at sight of the Jungfrau contrasted forcibly with those of Lord Byron, who, he thinks, had 'a mind surcharged with horrors, a mind which all bad things inhabited;' that at Interlachen he rode up-hill on a donkey; that at Berne he met an elderly and inquisitive female in the 'diligence,' who, on finding that he intended to spend the Winter in Syria, remarked, 'Good Lord, what a traveller you are!' And so on to the end of a volume of nearly three hundred pages! We echo the old female's exclamation.

Let it not, however, be supposed that the book is entirely destitute of information. A number of facts are stated in it, which have been familiarly known to most people for a great length of time. We may remark, for example, that the episode of Gessler and Tell, of which this book contains a [illegible] narrative, is no astonishing nove[illegible] of country.

If it were possible [illegible] accord to these 'Letters' th[illegible]. But their style is [illegible] commonplace, [illegible] inelegant, and often [illegible]. They are not free from cant, and [illegible] of distasteful blemishes. [illegible] say of [illegible] is that they exhibit h[illegible] correct moral tone—which are not [illegible] *literary* virtues, and do not justify the infliction of a stupid book.

We have said thus much of the reverend Samuel Irenæus Prime's 'Letters From Switzerland,' not because the book is at all important, or in itself worthy of notice, but because it so finely combines those characteristics which are peculiar to books of its class, and which make the greater number of them sore grievances and swindles to the public.

THE APRIL MAGAZINES.

The Atlantic.

We welcome the thirtieth number of the *Atlantic Monthly.* Its contents are varied, interesting, and mostly valuable. For that reason we commend it with especial emphasis.

The initial article is by the Rev. Thomas Hill, President of Antioch College. It is entitled 'The Laws of Beauty,' but discusses chiefly the beauty of configuration. The leading proposition and main idea of the essay, is that forms are beautiful just in proportion to the simplicity of their law and the variety of their outline.

The entire article is a logical and graceful assertion of simplicity as the essential essence of all beauty. It embodies many forcible thoughts. One of its sentences,—which is the terse expression of a great truth,—well deserves the consideration of literary people. It is this: "As gracefulness in motion consists in moving with the least waste of muscular power, so elegance in intellectual and literary exertions arises from the ease with which their achievements are accomplished." In the same connection is the remark that "we honor intellectual conceptions in proportion to the greatness of their consequences and to the simplicity of their assumptions."

'Found and Lost' is an imaginative and eloquent story of a man selected and destined to discover the Source of the Nile. But, notwithstanding its imagination and eloquence, it is a trifle heavy.

'About Thieves' is a humorous article, happily conceived and well-written. It records several most amusing illustrations of witty larceny, both in ancient and modern times. We quote one of these, as follows:

"One evening, as Marie Antoinette sat quietly in her loge at the Theatre, the wife of a wealthy tradesman of Paris, sitting nearly vis-à-vis to the Queen, made great parade of her toilet, and seemed peculiarly desirous of attracting attention to a pair of splendid bracelets, gleaming with the chaste contrast of emeralds and diamonds. She was not without success. A gentleman of elegant mien and graceful manner presented himself at the door of her loge: he delivered a message from the Queen. Her Majesty had remarked the singular beauty of the bracelets, and wished to inspect one of them more closely. What could be more gratifying? In the seventh heaven of delighted vanity, the tradesman's wife unclasped the bracelet and gave it to the gentleman, who bowed himself out, and left her—as you have doubtless divined he would—abundant leisure to learn of her loss.

"Early the next morning, however, an officer from the department of police called at this lady's house. The night before, a thief had been arrested leaving the theatre, and on his person were found many valuables,—among others, a splendid bracelet. Being penitent, he had told, to the best of his recollection, to whom the articles belonged, and the lady called upon was indicated as the owner of the bracelet. If Madame possessed the mate to this singular bracelet, it was only necessary to intrust it to the officer, and if it were found to compare properly with the other, both would be immediately sent home, and Madame would only have a trifling fee to pay. The bracelet was given willingly, and, with the stiff courtesy inseparable from official dignity, the officer took his leave, and at the next café joined his fellow, the gentleman of elegant mien and graceful manner. The bracelets were not found to compare properly, and therefore were not returned."

The curious and entertaining paper on 'American Magazine Literature of the Past Century,' is written by Samuel Batchelder, Jr., of Cambridge, Mass. It indicates extensive and careful research. There is also a learned and valuable article on 'Kepler,' by William Swinton. C. C. Hasewell is the author of the article on 'The Mexicans and their Country,'—which, without being sprightly, is yet important for the extent and accuracy of its information.

Among the Literary Notices appears a very weak and foolish comment on Feydeau's romance of 'Fanny.' We have to say that no English or American author, now living, has in any way indicated the power to equal that romance, as a true and elegant work of art. And we have also to say that the criticism of the *Atlantic*, in this regard, is creditable neither to its intelligence nor its taste.

In speaking of the poetry in this number of the *Atlantic*, we cannot forbear to congratulate the Magazine on the acquisition of Walt Whitman as one of its contributors. The poem called 'Bardic Symbols,' bears the unmistakable impress of genius. 'Pleasure-Pain' and 'Lost Beliefs' are by one whose name is pleasantly familiar to the readers of the SATURDAY PRESS,—W. D. Howells. They have the tenderness of poetic feeling and the grace of poetic thought,—as exemplified in the following stanzas:

All the long August afternoon,
The little drowsy stream
Whispers a melancholy tune,
As if it dreamed of June
And whispered in its dream.

The thistles show beyond the brook
Dust on their down and bloom,
And out of many a weed-grown nook
The aster-flowers look
With eyes of tender gloom.

The silent orchard aisles are sweet
With smell of ripening fruit,
Through the sere grass, in shy retreat,
Flutter, at coming feet,
The robins strange and mute.

There is no wind to stir the leaves,
The harsh leaves overhead;
Only the querulous cricket grieves,
And shrilling locust weaves
A song of Summer dead.

Harper's Monthly.

The April number of this magazine dims the brilliancy of many of its predecessors. It contains, among other things, two poems and two stories which respectively possess extraordinary and permanent literary value. The poems are 'Kathie Morris,' by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and 'The Lost Steamship,' by Fitz-James O'Brien. The stories are 'Captain Tom, A Resurrection,' by Charles Nordhoff, and 'Yet's Christmas Box,' by Harriet Prescott.

'Kathie Morris' is an exquisite embodiment of all that is delicate, pure, and tender, in the first love of youth. It is half the soliloquy, and half the affectionate talk of an old man, whose memories of his courtship and bridal are awakened by the music of Christmas bells; and certainly, if truth of sentiment and of feeling, rich music, and a fine perception of human nature at its best, can commend any work of art as meritorious, this is a very beautiful poem.

'The Lost Steamship' is a strong, simple, and rugged poem, instinct with the dim mystery and wild terror of the sea, full of pathos and the music of storms. The ghost of a drowned seaman tells to a wanderer on the shore the story of a wreck, of which vestiges are still visible far off at sea. The idea of this poem has the vivid simplicity which only genius attains, and its execution has the power which only genius displays.

The story of 'Captain Tom,' is a story of the boys and girls, the men and women of the sea-shore and the sea. Its characters are distinctive, natural, and vividly drawn; its plot is ingenious; its interest never flags. It is cheerful with humor, beautiful with pathos, and written with a charming freedom and purity of style.

'Yet's Christmas Box' is noticed in another part of this paper, with a sympathetic enthusiasm quite delightful to our own feelings. We shall only say, therefore,—as Madam Dugald Stuart said of Campbell's 'Lochiel's Warning,'—that for the young and brilliant author, 'this will bear another wreath of laurel yet.'

Edward H. House is the author of the piquant pleasant sketch 'An Icy Flame.' Fitz-Hugh Ludlow, author of 'The Hasheesh-Eater,' furnishes the third part of his 'Little Brother.' Mr. Ludlow's story is of that kind which death delivers serenely to the placid immortality of oblivion. Peace to its Hasheesh!

Thackeray's 'Two Children in Black,' is reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine.* There is also an instalment of his novel of 'Lovel the Widower,' which thus far seems to be an experiment on the patience of the reading public. 'Artist Life in the Highlands,' is a well

written and interesting article, and is also well illustrated by the author. The 'Ballad of Lexington,' by Thomas Dunn English, makes us very thankful that we were not present at that memorable fight. In addition to those already mentioned, there is a story by Mrs. Cheesebro, called 'Oriana Inn'; another by Mrs. Addison Richards, called the 'The Little Art-Student;' and a third, by C. E. Bellington, called 'D——'s Remarkable Experience.' Bellew furnishes the comic illustrations, which humorously express the haps and mishaps of Master Charley in his first pair of pantaloons. Altogether there is an unusual amount of poetry, interest, romance and fun in this number of the magazine.

Thoughts and Things.

BY ADA CLARE.

'Against Wind and Tide' will be indeed valuable to the genuine novel-reader—the gentle old maid of village locality for instance, devoted to charity and the circulating library. The plot is so complicated and involves so many little interplots, that it is impossible to keep any lookout for the coming sea, or rather, event. Modern novels are so transparent in plot and character, that it is often easy from the first chapter to look straight through to the harbor attained in the last. There is much vigor of treatment as well as ingeniousness of plot, in this book.

°°°

Friendship is a scandalously ill-used term and sentiment. Most people of a canting turn, when annoying and injuring those in any way placed in their power, do it under the name of friendship. Most of us remember when our aunts, guardians, or teachers, marred our most innocent pleasure under the proclamation that they were our best friends. In those moments, I, for one, would gladly have exchanged them for enemies.

Friendship, according to the notion of some people, consists in seizing hold upon human beings, prying into their affairs, teazing them with advice, undoing their surest plans for happiness, insulting them with censure, and then at the slightest revolt from this detestable impertinence, turning upon them with the worst malignity.

Friendship for any being is not a system of espionage and dictation: it is the acceptance of the individual through whatever errors he may fall into. The false, pompous friend, insists that his views be adopted by his friend; any dissention in feeling he regards as ingratitude; while the true one loves to see him treading freely in the ways of his own nature, knowing that the bond of friendship is not to be broken by the swayings of an opposing wind. If friendship—the purest of human sentiments—can make no sacrifices to differences of opinion, of belief, of action, it had better resign its high estate; for the exigences of trade, of society, of mere animal life, even, can make such sacrifices easy.

I am not in favor of much self-sacrifice in this world; that is not what I demand in friendship. For those who wilfully, continually, and usefully sacrifice themselves for others, I feel a sincere respect, but I always avoid them; they are doomed beings, and no good can come of them. It is a sort of contemptuous respect, too, that we feel for them; the only dignified self-sacrifice is that for those who are dearer than ourselves.

If friendship is a censorship, an inquisitorial tribune, let it be reduced to a legal system at once, where at least it will be restrained within the bounds of ordinary decency.

It is a sad illustration of how far prejudice and selfishness can go, to see those who have been bound together by the nearest ties of blood and interest, turning with cold maliciousness upon one of them who has slid away from their routine of thinking, even. These, as friends, feel themselves justified in persecuting the apostate in a manner that enemies would blush to employ. Perhaps this is the reason why most persons of deep thought and marked character find it impossible to assimilate with their own relatives, not distinguished for those qualities. These friends have the means, as well as the faculty, of wounding your feelings and violating your belief to an extent of which the scandal-loving heartless public fall far short. This is not much to be wondered at, it is the effect of an inverted interest. With the world success always succeeds; one's relations are always most bitter when one succeeds in a way they disapprove of.

But this is not friendship; to a friend we should feel the power to tear off the mask which the world forces us to wear; to untie our hearts and let them loose in the friend's heart; to confess there all our deep disquiet, our doubts, our scorn of ourselves, our slipping down from our ideals, and there to receive the sweet absolution of sympathy.

This, it seems to me, is something higher than the friendship which is founded upon living in the same street, having the same tailor, holding the same notions, eating the same victuals.

'EVANGELINE.'

We heartily recommend all persons of taste and refinement who have become wearied of the wretched 'stuff and nonsense' which for the last year or so have been served up at the New York theatres, to go immediately to the Winter Garden, and see Mrs. Bateman's dramatization of Longfellow's *Evangeline*. They will find in the play itself a rich intellectual entertainment, while the exquisite naiveté and freedom from stage cant of the young and beautiful débutante, Miss Bateman; the rich humor of Jefferson, by far our greatest American comedian; and the affecting pathos of Jordan, who has never before appeared in a play which brought out so many of his higher qualities;—all these attractions, heightened by the finest and most startling scenic effects which have been witnessed in this city for many years, will afford an amount and a variety of legitimate delight, such as rarely can be experienced at any American theatre.

A FATAL LOVE.

It is not often that we call special attention to any article in THE SATURDAY PRESS, but ADA CLARE's story in our this week's issue,—entitled 'A FATAL LOVE,'—is written with such a rare combination of delicacy and power, and breathes so deeply the very poetry of love, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of commending it to the reader's favorable notice.

LEAVES OF GRASS.

Messrs. Thayer & Eldridge, an enterprising young publishing firm in Boston, have in press a new and revised edition of Walt Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass.' The book is to be brought out in the most elegant style of print and binding, and will be enriched with many new Poems not before published. The two original editions of the work have long been out of print, and judging from the new demand for it excited by Mr. Whitman's more recent and finished productions (published in the *Atlantic Monthly* and THE SATURDAY PRESS), we have no doubt that the superb issue now contemplated will meet with deserved success.

MR. C. B. NORTON.

Whoever is engaged in forming a library—especially one of the standard English or historical works—would do well to consult Mr. CHARLES B. NORTON, whose office is in Appleton's Building, Broadway. This gentleman has repeatedly explored the book-marts of Great Britain; he has collected numerous rare works; he has sifted many private libraries abroad and at home, and probably no dealer has had more valuable historical manuscripts and scarce publications pass through his hands. Mr. NORTON is the agent for the sale of many private libraries; he has correspondents abroad and literary curiosities at home—so that it must be a very difficult enterprise in the bibliographical way, that he is not able to compass. At his office may be seen some of the choicest autograph letters extant, and nearly every catalogue of new books for sale in Great Britain or America. His wide experience, courteous manners, and peculiar facilities, commend Mr. NORTON as one of the most efficient book-agents in the country.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

Faits Divers.

Your entertaining contemporary the *Courrier des Etats Unis* annihilates the Subscriber because he did not appreciate *Diane de Lys*. I called it one of the adulterated plays, mourning that it was a specimen of those lively Gallic concoctions which depend for their interest upon the breach of the Seventh Commandment. The *Courrier* translates adulterate literally, thus, *falsifiée*, and declares that I have charged the author with falsifying French manners and morals. No such thing. It is all right. No more exact picture of French life could be given than in plays like *Diane*. There, now, will that do? And won't you take back all the hard things you have said about me? I really am not used to sulphuric acid, and it hurts my feelings awfully.

Mrs. John Thalia Wood and Colonel A. H. Davenport sailed for Savannah, en route for New Orleans, on Tuesday. The jeunesse dorée were out in full force, and the artists went off under hearty salutes from cheers and Champagne corks. The lady looked as charmingly as ever.

I have been and gone and done C. Gayler's *Poor Young Man*, so I hope that that distinguished American author will smooth his wrinkled front. The burlesque is cleverly put together, and some of the characters are exceedingly well acted. Mr. Nagle, who did the *Young Man*, had a capital make-up for Lester, but his performance reminded me more of James Wallack jeune, than of his cousin.

It was exceedingly good. Then Miss Kate Singleton was a fair copy of the irresistible Mary Gannon, though not so funny. It is very hard to burlesque a caricature. Mrs. C. Howard played *Marguerite* with some dash, but was a little hard at times. Mrs. Eckhardt (who is she?) was *Helouin*; she is a fair actress, and an exceedingly good singer. The weak point in the affair was a swell young man, who looked like an ex 'Ethiopian delineator,' gotten up for a bal paré by the M'Gillicuddy Musketeers. The play went off trippingly, and is certainly very entertaining. Audience limited, chiefly Peoria and Orange.

Two of the Broadway Theatres will be wearing the green next week. Why this sudden outbreak of Hibernianism I know not. Once when there was a great dinner at Stratford-upon-Avon, in honor of the divine Williams's birthday, Archy was called upon, at a very late hour, for a toast. He had been in the Vice-Chair, and had sent three county magistrates, two clergymen, and half a dozen ensigns of militia to bed. Getting on his feet with some difficulty, the Commodore gave 'The Bards of Ireland.' Very good, said everybody, but why? 'Never mind,' was the reply. 'I don't know; settle it among yourselves.' So we will have Archy's toast next week. Mr. Boucicault announces his work thus "An entirely new Irish Drama, in three "acts, written by Dion Boucicault, illustrative of "Irish Character, Irish Hearts, and Irish Homes, "entitled the Colleen Bawn; or, The Brides of Garryowen, is in active preparation. New music, introducing Irish melodies, by Thomas Baker. New "scenery: The Lakes of Killarney, MacGillicuddy's "Reeks, Limerick City, The Shores of the Shannon."

Mr. Barney Williams, who evidently thinks that D. B. is poaching on his private manor, announces at Niblo's, "a beautiful Irish Drama, entitled Willie "Riley, or Not Guilty, a Tale of Munster, etc. Among "the local scenery of this piece, will be represented a "truthful picture of the Cork River, and Blackrock "Castle, above the Glenmire Road; the Cove of Cork, "above Queenstown; Carlisle Bridge and Sackville "street, Dublin."

The Williams piece was 'originally written by the author of *The Painter of Brienne*' (whoever he was), and has been re-written by H. G. Plunkett, who is lineally descended from several of the Kings of Munster, and wrote the whole of *Punch* for a number of years. He is first cousin to Dr. Mackenzie, and distantly connected with Burke, generally called the Sublime. If any man can write an Irish play, he can.

The *Sonneur de St. Paul* was announced at the French Theatre, for Thursday of this week. As I always attend to pleasure before business, I went to dine with the St. George's Cricket Club, and let the Gauls slide.

Doctor Schute & Co. have opened a German Theatre on the off nights of the Français. They have Fallenbach, who is a very good actor, and the Fraulein Grahn, who slays Teutonic hearts by the score, and they expect to make a good thing out of it. Very doubtful.

The Teuton keeps a mighty sharp look-out for his tin. Give him his beer and his bretzel, his pantomime, or his dancer, or his farce, ever so badly played, in a beer saloon, where he can smoke likewise, and all for less than two shillings, and he is contented. Why not?

None of the theatres have done immense business this week. I have not seen a really full house since Mrs. Wood's farewell benefit at the Winter Garden. The managers must stir themselves.

Mrs. Farren and her daughter Fanny are at the New Bowery, playing in a five-act drama with the singularly disagreeable title, *Love's Venom*. The play is a high-pressure affair, with an old lady in purple velvet and ermine, who interferes with the playful dalliance of the customary young woman in white muslin, and the usual adolescent cavalier in silk tights and a velvet doublet. I didn't stay for the result. It was too harrowing. Miss Farren does not lack vigor, whatever else may be said about her. She piles on the steam to a most dangerous extent. I should say that she carried as much as a hundred pounds to the square inch. The life-boats ought to be always on the guards when she is about.

The Broadway Boudoir announces an 'afternoon matinée.' Since 'the last début of old George Kensett,' 'afternoon-matinée' is as good a thing, as I have heard, 'for off-hand.'

The opera folks seem to be getting on fairly in the city of magnificent swindles. The Washington *Star* keeps a powerful 'cricket.' Right merrily chirps he upon the début of Patti in *Lucia*. He is descriptive. He "can't call to mind who wasn't there. Miss "Juliana May was there in a private box; so was an "undoubted quorum of both Houses." Then again, he is eloquent: "Patti, warming up to her work, sings "divinely, throws out lavish stores of pearly notes, "runs up to the extremest height of the soprano register *without effort or contortion of face*, and ends the "first act in a blaze of glory. Patti 'will do'." "She is going to be the marvel of the world." It is very encouraging to know that the third act "brings "out the fine capabilities of Signor Muller as 'Raymond,' and of Signor Quinto as 'Arthur'."

There is a still more esthetical criticism upon *Ernani*, which was given for Colson on Tuesday. *Ernani* is set down as the 'chef-d'œuvre of musical compositions.' "It brought down the house a dozen times—at times "most provokingly, indeed; insomuch as, carried "away by their enthusiasm, the portion of the audience not familiar with the score, let loose their "hands, canes, and throats, at moments when, in so "doing, they prevented their more phlegmatic neighbors, as well as themselves, from enjoying the rendition of passages equally as fine following immediately thereafter." Colson was exquisite, and "Susini's rich, graceful, harmonious, and sonorous heavy "notes, came floating from his throat apparently as "naturally as the warbling of a mockingbird." Stigelli 'is ranked as a finer tenor than Brignoli,' and the fact that he did not sing a single false note, is called 'a remarkable achievement for any tenor.' Why more remarkable for a tenor than a baritone, soprano, contralto, or basso? Let us know, Capitoline Pundit.

The P. R. in the Coulisses.

The Benicia Girl, whose chief claims to public recognition seem to be founded upon her alleged matrimonial connection with the Boy who has gone over to England with the laudable intention of punching the head of Mr. Thomas Sayers, has been at the old Bowery this week.

Not feeling equal to the task of passing upon Mrs. Heenan's peculiar claims (I am not much in the shoulder way), I procured the services of a distinguished fancy litterateur, who does the athletic business for the dailies. I gave him two Welsh rarebits, three English chops, half a pound of cheese, and as much beer as he could drink, and started him for the Bowery.

Next day, I received a greasy note marked with very suspicious stains. The ungrateful wretch had sold me out, said he had to do a dog-fight and a rat conflict for the *Clipper*.

I am informed, however, by a well-known amateur of the P. R. that the Girl has had several pitched battles with the old-fashioned melodramas, and a number of friendly contests with changing farces and lightweights of the *Is He Jealous* school. She is about five feet high, and fights about nine stone seven pounds. She puts up her hands like a green one, and makes play very widely, giving her adversary splendid opportunities to counter on her. Just now, the Girl is not in the best training, and is a little shaky on her pins, and queer about the eyes. If she went into half training, cut off three-fourths of her hair, reduced her stock of pearl powder, and did a little hydropathy, my informant thinks she would be a tip-topper.

The Bowery people have not run after the Girl in any great numbers, having more interest probably in the Boy, who certainly does know how to 'put his hands up.' That's another instance of the depraved taste of the public, which is as absurd in the Oriental districts as in Broadway. They say, 'over across town,' that the Girl can't act, but is that any reason why she shouldn't draw?'

The Girl has been in the Metropolitan ring before, however, appearing as a military individual, and I extract the subjoined from the Feuilleton of THE SATURDAY PRESS, March 5, 1859:

The adventurous young gentleman of the *Tribune* has, however, found an oasis. It is in the shape of a person named Menken, who has made her début at the National Theatre. Menken is female. Menken plays soubrettes. By all accounts she is a sort of prairie Lola Montez. I first heard of her at Dayton, a highly interesting town in Ohio. There she played in some one of the numerous pieces wherein young women, in a short allowance of clothing, go through with certain evolutions that are supposed to be military. The Dayton Light Guards, or Light Infantry, or Light something or other, were so much charmed, as men and as Guards, that they chose Mistress Menken as their ruler, and she wears the title of Captain to this day. Such a thing could not happen anywhere except in America, and here it is especially Western. When we add that the Guard paraded at the theatre under the command of their actress-captain, the thing is complete. She has now come, sword in hand, to conquer the metropolis, and the *Tribune*-critic, albeit a man of peace, has been to see the crinoline warrior. I have not yet ventured. The critical office daily proves more and more dangerous. If a man writes that a *prima donna* can't sing, or wont sing, or kicks up rows, he runs the risk of having his life bullied out of him. If, with only the natural female weapons, I am to be put down, what should I do against the Menken, who could, no doubt, bring a light artillery battery in the field against me, and serve the pieces herself.

So I leave the lady to the *Tribune*, and I rescue the notice from the obscurity of the City Items. *Voila!*

NATIONAL THEATRE.—Ada Isaacs Menken, an amateur of some fame in the West, is playing at this house. She has talent, but it is like the gold in quartz veins—all in the rough; and she must undergo the refining process of intelligent and critical audiences before she can hope to become an actress. She must correct another grave error at once, and that is her style of dressing in Protean pieces. When people go to the ballet, they expect to see a peculiar and questionable freedom in the toilet; but that style ought never to be mistaken, much less outstripped, upon the legitimate style—not even on the Eastern side of the city. There is a hearty earnestness and dashing style about Miss or Mrs. Menken, which, under proper training, gives promise of better things; but, like most Western mental products, she wants taming down.

Personne.

[From Harper's Monthly for April 1860.]

THE LOST STEAMSHIP.

BY FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

"Ho, there! Fisherman, hold your hand!
Tell me what is that far away—
There, where over the Isle of Sand
Hangs the mist-cloud sullen and gray?
See! it rocks with a ghastly life,
Rising and rolling through clouds of spray,
Right in the midst of the breakers' strife—
Tell me what is it, Fisherman, pray?"

"That, good Sir, was a steamer stout
As ever paddled around Cape Race;
And many's the wild and stormy bout
She had with the winds in that self-same place;
But her time was come; and at ten o'clock
Last night she struck on that lonesome shore;
And her sides were gnawed by the hidden rock,
And at dawn this morning she was no more."

"Come, as you seem to know, good man,
The terrible fate of this gallant ship,
Tell me about her all that you can;
And here's my flask to moisten your lip.
Tell me how many she had aboard—
Wives, and husbands, and lovers true—
How did it fare with her human hoard;
Lost she many or lost she few?"

"Master, I may not drink of your flask,
Already too moist I feel my lip;
But I'm ready to do what else you ask,
And spin you my yarn about the ship:
'Twas ten o'clock, as I said, last night,
When she struck the breakers and went ashore;
And scarce had broken the morning's light
Than she sank in twelve feet of water, or more.

"But long ere this they knew her doom,
And the Captain called all hands to prayer;
And solemnly over the ocean's boom
The orisons rose on the troublous air.
And round about the vessel there rose—
Tall plumes of spray as white as snow,
Like angels in their ascension clothes,
Waiting for those who prayed below.

"So these three hundred people clung
As well as they could to spar and rope:
With a word of prayer upon every tongue,
Nor on any face a glimmer of hope.
But there was no blubbering weak and wild—
Of tearful faces I saw but one,
A rough old salt, who cried like a child,
And not for himself, but the Captain's son.

"The Captain stood on the quarterdeck,
Firm but pale, with trumpet in hand;
Sometimes he looked at the breaking wreck,
Sometimes he sadly looked to land.
And often he smiled to cheer the crew—
But, Lord! the smile was terrible grim—
'Till over the quarter a huge sea flew;
And that was the last they saw of him.

"I saw one young fellow, with his bride,
Standing amidships upon the wreck;
His face was white as the boiling tide,
And she was clinging about his neck.
And I saw them try to say good-bye,
But neither could hear the other speak;
So they floated away through the sea to die—
Shoulder to shoulder, and cheek to cheek.

"And there was a child, but eight at best,
Who went his way in a sea he shipped;
All the while holding upon his breast
A little pet parrot, whose wings were clipped.
And as the boy and the bird went by,
Swinging away on a tall wave's crest,
They were gripped by a man, with a drowning cry,
And together the three went down to rest.

"And so the crew went one by one,
Some with gladness, and few with fear;
Cold and hardship such work had done
That few seemed frightened when death was near.
Thus every soul on board went down—
Sailor and passenger, little and great;
The last that sank was a man of my town,
A capital swimmer—the second mate."

"Now, lonely Fisherman, who are you,
That say you saw this terrible wreck?
How do I know what you say is true,
When every mortal was swept from the deck?
Where were you in that hour of death?
How did you learn what you relate?"
His answer came in an under-breath—
"Master, I was the second mate!"

Contents of Magazines.

Macmillan's Magazine for March contains: Tom Brown at Oxford, by the author of Tom Brown's School Days—Chap. XII. The Captain's Notions—Chap. XIII. The First Bump; The Grenvilles—Government by Families, by G. S. Venables; English Etymology, by Herbert Coleridge; Goethe and Frederika; The "Idea" of Nationality—Savoy, by J. M. Ludlow; The Revivals of 1859, by the Rev. J. Ll. Davies; A Chapter of Modern Knight-Errantry, by Percy Greg; Classical Music and British Musical Taste; My Child-Passenger, by Robert Paton; The Physiology of Laughter, by Herbert Spencer; Self-Help; M. de Lesseps and the Suez Canal, by the Rev. J. W. Blakesley.

Fraser's Magazine for March contains: Seventeen Unpublished Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley—from Italy—1818 to 1822—communicated, with Notes, by T. L. Peacock; Concerning the Worries of Life, and How to Meet Them, by A. K. H. B.; Holmby House, by G. J. Whyte Melville—conclusion; Female Labor; Louis Napoleon's Resources tested by his Conduct; The Literary Suburb of the Eighteenth Century—Chapter III.; Madame Récamier; The Wine Question Reviewed; The Huguenot Maiden—a Picture—by J. E. Jackson; Wheat and Tares; a Tale—Part III.; A Church-light; The Budget, by Prof. Leone Levi.

Colburn's New Monthly Magazine for March contains: Commercial and Industrial Reform in France; East Lynne, by the author of Ashley—Part III.—Chap. I. Miss Corny at Home—Chap. II. Mr. Kane's Concert—Chap. III. The Face at the Window; Spectators, by Sir Nathaniel; The Fatal Chain; Symond's Diary; Wordsworth at Rydal, by W. Charles Kent; A New Solution of the Religious Question; A Holiday Tour in Spain, by a Physician; A Poet's Wife; France and Italy.

Bentley's Miscellany for March contains: Ovingdean Grange, a Tale of the South Downs, by W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq.; Outremanche Correspondence—No. II.; Gurney, or Two Fortunes, a Tale of the Times, by Dudley Costello—Chaps. XXVII. and XXVIII.; A Story of Twenty-four Hours; Learning on the Tramp; Footsteps, by Frederick Busch; Blue and Yellow, or How my brother Fitz stood for Cantlborough, by Ouida—in five chapters; A Vacation Tour in Spain; The Story of Francesco Novello da Carrara—Part V.; Twenty-four Hours on Mount Ætna; French and English Emotion, by Nicholas Michell.

Blackwood's Magazine for March contains: Lord Elgin's Mission to China and Japan; St. Stephen's—Part III.; Norman Sinclair, an Autobiography—Part III.; Nelson and Caracciolo; Betsey Brown, a True Story; A Word about Tom Jones; The Luck of Ladysmede—Part the Last; The "Foreign Connection" of the House of Bull; Dies Irae; Volunteer Cavalry Movements; The Anglo-Gallican Budget.

The Knickerbocker for April contains: Adventures on a Mountain Top; Stanzas—"Waiting;" "Station-Life" in Australia; Hope—after the manner of Hood; King Ralf—a Dream of a Winter's Night; Lines—the River; The Garden—A Remembrance; John Keats—His Career and Genius; Lines—Too Deep for Tears; Chinese Records, by the Late John K. Duer, U. S. Navy; Dream—The Angel; The Old Church; Remembrances; A Village Sketch; A Good Time Generally on a Farm; The Maid of the Cedar; Stanzas—Loves Retribution.

TO KATE BATEMAN.

Cold is the heart that will not burn for thee,
Sweet child of innocence, in whose pure soul
The gentleness of peaceful Arcadie
Lives to enchant—enchanting to control.
Thine is the power that genius lends to art!
Thine all the glad, bewitching graces are,
To chase the cloudy sorrows of the heart
And shine within it as a guiding star!
So may the clouds break up around thy way,
Chased by the herald-star of proud success;
And this bright morning, deep'ning into day,
Cherish the light of thy own loveliness!
Thus speaks a stranger's heart, dear Kate, to thine,
Thrilled with the beauty of Evangeline.

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FOR

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(From The Musical World.)

UNDER THE SNOW.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

I loved the snow, O long ago,
When I was pure as the flakes at play,
Nor life distrusted :
But ah ! the world has cheated me so !
I gave it faith and it paid me woe ;
And now I long, down under the snow,
To hide my pain and sorrow away
From one I loved as a woman may—
Aye, loved and trusted.

I loved the snow which slowly grew
To silver domes and turrets fair,
With diamonds crusted.
Were I rich or poor, I never knew,
Nor days looked dreary as now they do,
For over my life the sunbeams flew,
And crisped the curls of my tangled hair,
And browned still browner my ankles bare ;
But then I trusted.

It lies above my mother's grave—
Lovingly hides my father's rest
While he is sleeping.
Though orphaned and poor, my heart was brave,
And hope swam in on life's topmost wave,
And all love asked, in love's name, I gave ;
And broken hearts may know it the best,
The aching shame of love's last bequest
A life of weeping.

O bury me under the snow !
Pitiful seems the cider pall—
From heaven 'twas shaken !
It wraps the hills with a tender care,
And hoods their heads with its silver hair,
And covers the bloom-buds everywhere,
And softly 'twill lie, nor heed my fall,
And I'll sleep under it after all,
And never waken.

Unless, maybe, my grave is seen,
After the rime-tears cease to flow,
And Springtime dusted,
Stinted grasses, in sickliest green,
Over my bed he should come to lean
Closer to me, as if he would mean
To pity me then for loving so,
My heart would answer, under the snow,
"Still loved, and trusted."

(Written for The New York Saturday Press.)

THE MIZZABLE MAN.

BY MARY ORME.

My Uncle was a very miserable invalid. He had dyspepsia, or spinal complaint, or disease of the heart, or softening of the brain, or something or other, I never quite understood what, and he was equally in the dark about his ailments, as were all his friends, and also the doctors, of whom he had a very large number. Nobody quite understood what the trouble was, and yet it seemed plain enough one day, for he had a dreadful burning in the stomach, and so it must be dyspepsia, and the next day he had a ponderous pain in the head, and a confusion of intellect, which showed that his brain was affected, and then it was settled that he had softening of the brain, only to have the fact unsettled the next day, when there was a regiment of gnawing pains in his back, and great weakness of his limbs. These symptoms decided the doctor of the day that he had spinal disease, but that night his heart fluttered, and finally whopped over, like a frightened bird, and the doctors were forced to decide that he had disease of the heart.

One symptom never failed to be present ; all the rest were inconstant, coy, and fickle, and not at all to be relied upon. For instance, when the doctor came whose speciality was spinal disease, behold ! the only trouble was that his stomach was a vinegar factory ; and when the dyspepsia doctor came, then the spine was an extended misery ; and so on of all his terrible troubles.

But his nerves never deserted him ; that is, he was always conscious of their weakness, pains, and miseries. Never was a more threadbare, out-at-elbows, and decidedly ill-feeling set of nerves than my poor Uncle possessed for his penance in this pitiable world of sick folks.

When he came down in the morning, which hard exertion he generally accomplished about nine or ten o'clock, he went to the window as soon as he entered the drawing-room, and probably there were not three days in a year when he did not exclaim, "Mizzable weather ! mizzable, mizzable !" If it did not rain, it was too cold, or too warm ; if it were not misty, it was too dry ; if the streets were not muddy, they were dusty. It was too close and oppressive, or the house would be blown over by such winds. Altogether the world was not made to live in ; it was only intended as a sort of hospital-prison, where the only enviable people were the doctors.

The only inmates of my Uncle's family were himself, his daughter, and myself. His widowed daughter, Mrs. Inflatio Jenkins, honored her father's home by making it her own. I believe her given name was Susannah, but on account of her literary aspirations or successes, she had changed it to Stellita, so that she now styled herself Mrs. Inflatio Stellita Jenkins.

The only comforts that my Uncle had, were the complaints he made, and the pleasure and honor of having a distinguished literary woman at the head of his house. One might suppose that the overwhelming sense of this honor, that my Uncle certainly felt, would have hindered all complaints of my Aunt.

There is an old saying that no man is a hero to his valet de chambre, so no woman may be a heroine to her father, but in this case my Aunt seemed 'to be and not to be' at the same time.

I was a very bashful child, and very ugly besides ; that is my eyes squinted, and my hair might have been called flaxen, by courtesy, but I was painfully aware that it was towy. And yet I am afraid that neither of these epithets is very significant to my readers, for what do millions in the world know of flax or tow ? They may know that they use linen handkerchiefs, and wear linen under-garments, when they are wealthy enough to buy them, but of the raw material of which these are made, the flax that my Grandfather raised on his farm, they know nothing, unless it be the traditionary knowledge preserved in the terms 'flaxen locks' and 'tow head.'

Well, I was a poor, little, squint-eyed, tow-headed, or flaxen-haired orphan ; that last characterization is better, more like my elegant Aunt's ways of speaking, than the more truthful compound adjective tow-headed.

It was not surprising that my Aunt should object to my being known as one of the family. I certainly was no credit to anybody. I was neither ornamental, nor useful, and I was sometimes a very unwilling intruder when my Aunt had company.

I was always an unlucky child. When I was very small, I was what is called un enfant terrible, and now I was thirteen, I had such an awful candor, and such a sense of justice at the back of it, that only 'the just made perfect,' could abide me. I occupied a strange position in my Uncle's house. He was my mother's brother, and his daughter Susy, I beg pardon, Stellita, had married my father's brother. So that my name was the same as my Aunt's. Another reason why she did not wish to have me in sight of her friends. They might hear my name, and they might see a likeness between us, and so conclude that I was her daughter. This last probability I think could have occurred to no one but my Aunt, for she was built on the model of an ancient boiled pudding, boiled in a bag which was not quite so thick as it was long, then her cheeks or face were, or was, very red, and her hair, which was dyed with a solution of lunar caustic, distilled water, and alcohol (I went to the druggists for it), had a burned and bloody look. Now I was pale and sallow, and thin as a shad when the season is over, and my hair I have distinctly stated was towy. In one respect I was like my Aunt Susy. I have a provoking habit of forgetting her new name, and this is another reason why I should be kept out of the parlor. I love to write. I was always reading, or scribbling, and I saved all my odds and ends of literature, and the few letters I had received, as a miser saves gold. Uncle was very kind to me. He loved my mother, for she lived before he was 'mizzable,' and was therefore a pleasant association. He loved me, and reverenced his gifted daughter, and he contrived to have me about him a good deal. I read to him, and I got his dressing-gown and slippers, and put away his coat when he came home from down-town, where he went every day, though ever so 'mizzable.' Some sick folks nurse their nerves and keep them quiet ; they muffle the bell, and put sand-dust in the street, and on the sidewalk in front of their houses, to deaden the sounds made by passers-by. Others expose their nerves continually, and, though as fretful as a porcupine, they never soothe themselves, and thus save other people from suffering ; and again there is a third class who unite both modes. Now my Uncle went out, went down-town, went on change, went everywhere that business called him, and aside from being what is called an irritable man, and having a multitude of doctors, nobody would have thought him sick. He even went journeying to distant cities, but wherever he was, when the day's work was done, he put off his boots and coat, and put on his mizzable mood, and found fault with everything this side Paradise.

My Uncle had his friends, and my Aunt had hers. I did not like either very much. My Aunt did not allow me to get acquainted with her friends, and their long hair and broad shirt-collars did not impress me favorably. Uncle's friends were mostly business-men. A few dropped in of an evening to play whist with him. The three parlors opened into each other, and Uncle occupied the back parlor, and my Aunt the middle one, ordinarily, and I understood that my place was beside Uncle's great grey cat in the back parlor.

I remember one evening that cost me a great deal of trouble. Uncle had come home, worse than usual, for he was so sometimes, though one could hardly see how he could be. Professor Saccharini was with my Aunt. She was anxious to impress him favorably, as he was the critic for ——— Magazine. She had been reading her poems to him, before Uncle came home, and securing his kind attentions to her forthcoming volume. She wished to be brought before the public as a gentlewoman and a genius, and Professor Saccharini was the man to do this, provided he were pleased.

Mr. Benson, a young lawyer, who did the legal part of Uncle's business, came home with him. Uncle was the most particular man alive about his dinner ; he wanted it at the moment, and everything that came on the table had to be found fault with. His daughter was as fond of her dinner as less etherial mortals, but to-day she had food of a more exalted character than roast goose, game pie, and brawn—she was reading her poems to Professor Saccharini.

My Uncle came in, with an extra amount of impatience, as it was late dinner time already, and he heard the drowsy hum of his daughter's voice in the next room. He had experience of her neglecting material for intellectual pleasures, and he spoke very sharply to me. "Lizzie," said he, "go and tell your Aunt that I want to see her. Don't say anything about dinner, for I don't want that mizzable fellow at table, that she is reading to. He would spoil my appetite."

I did not wish to risk the result of opening the folding-doors, near which the Professor might be sitting, and thus expose my Uncle and him to each other, and so I went through the front parlor. As I entered the room, I heard my Aunt say, "This poem being my brightest gem, I wish particularly to have it illustrated." "A happy idea, Madam," said Professor Saccharini in his sweetest tones, and she went on reading to my intense amazement, from a poem by my father. It had come into my possession with some other manuscripts of his, and was literally one of my sacred things.

I waited to hear more. I could not believe it possible that she had stolen this dear remembrance of my father, this beautiful fruit of his genius. Again she paused, and said, "You agree with me, Professor, that this is my chef d'œuvre."

"Most emphatically, Madam. It is a poem worth more than gold. It will stamp your genius at once."

I could contain myself no longer. I rushed forward and tore the poem from her hands, exclaiming "That is my poor, dead father's poem, and you know it. You have stolen it, and you shall not have it." The moment I had the paper in my hands, and had uttered my dreadful fact, I ran back to my Uncle, and regardless of Mr. Benson's presence, I exclaimed, "Aunt Susy took my poem from me."

"You little simpleton, have you told your Aunt to come here ?" said my Uncle. "I will tell her, if you will keep this for me," said I to Mr. Benson, feeling that my treasure never would be safe under my Uncle's roof.

Mr. Benson kindly took the paper, and I ran back and told my Aunt she was wanted. She was abusing me to Professor Saccharini, and calling me 'that imp,' and other names not pleasant to hear.

The gentleman was administering emollients, such as, "My dear Madam, no one can doubt you ; who would listen to such a perverse thing as that ?"

When I returned to the back parlor, Mr. Benson had finished the perusal of the poem, and I had the satisfaction to see him put it in his pocketbook. I heard my Uncle say to him, "She is right. It is her father's writing, and the verses are his, but why she should make such an ado because my daughter chose to read them to somebody, I can't see. Am I to have my dinner to-night ?" he exclaimed as he saw me. "If Susy don't choose to come, we will have dinner. Such mizzable ways, and such irregularity, and such a wretched day as I have had ! A man without his dinner is a helpless, good-for-nothing being, Mr. Benson."

My Aunt came at this juncture. She looked daggers at me, and I made my escape to the kitchen, where I always found a friend in scraggy Mary the cook, who, though she always had a horseshoe in her forehead, was nevertheless kind to me. I had been here but a moment, before a servant came to seek me. It was my Uncle's pleasure that I should come to dinner. I very seldom sat at table with the family, never unless my Uncle chose to punish his daughter for something, or when some relative was present. I saw now that he must be in a very ill humor, and my heart started on an extra amount of exertion that was hard to bear. If my Uncle had had such a fit, he would have called in some American Corvisart in all haste, and have submitted to his treatment till he wanted to make some speculation, enough to give up quiet and the doctor at the same time.

As I entered the dining-room, my Aunt shot sharp needles from her eyes at me, but she said nothing. My Uncle was saying, "If poor Lizzy's child can't be allowed to eat such a mizzable dinner as this with her mizzable uncle, then I'll send her away to school, where she will be treated like a human being, and I will board out, where I can be treated like one. Give the child some of that bird-pie, Susy,"—Uncle always called Mrs. Stellita Susy when he was angry, or too mizzable.

Mrs. Jenkins handed me a neck and a wing of some little bird from the pie, and a minute piece of crust. My Uncle's blood was up. My Aunt had just filled her own plate, but had not yet touched it. My Uncle took the well-filled plate and exchanged it for mine in a twinkling, setting the neck and wing, and the dry bit of crust before his daughter, and his look said, "You mizzable woman."

Mrs. Inflatio Stellita Jenkins was afraid of her father. She was poor, and he was rich. He would probably make a will one of these days. She did not therefore rise and leave the table, but she made some very considerable additions to the moiety of a dinner on her plate, and ate, but I must confess rather gloomily, or sulkily. Mr. Benson was cheerfully inattentive to the disagreeable facts at the table. I looked down and ate my dinner with a consciousness that somebody would have looked arsenic into my plate, if it had been possible. I was badly frightened, and hardly know how I managed to eat through the several courses. I believe I was afraid to do otherwise, for my Uncle uniformly gave me the plate filled for my Aunt, and our stomachs were not of the same pattern ; but to-day mine had its elasticity tested.

My Uncle was as happy at seeing me eat Mrs. Susy's dinner as a mizzable man could be.

But this was my last dinner with my invalid Uncle, for a long time. The next day Mr. Benson came early to our house. He had been closeted with Uncle in the parlor alone, the night of the dinner, when I and pussy were with Mary the cook below stairs.

When he came in the morning, I had not seen Mrs. Jenkins, and my Uncle told me to go up stairs with the chambermaid, and put into a new trunk, that had just arrived, everything that I wished to take to school with me. "O Uncle," said I, "I can't take you and Ratter."

"I can't spare the cat," said he in alarm ; "don't think of taking Ratter with you, Lizzy. I should be too mizzable. It is bad enough to lose you, you poor, wretched child. I don't believe you ever saw a well day in your life, or ever will. You are too much like your poor, mizzable Uncle."

I was more rejoiced than I can tell to get away from my Aunt. I was very much afraid of her since I had plucked her laurel, and my remembrance of her then, is to this day a compound of a hyena's mouth with dreadfully decayed teeth, sanguinary face and hair, and a degree of enbonpoint that only made me think the more the worse. I was, doubtless, a very bad child, and had not any charity, and very little of the milk of human kindness. But with my maturity there still remains a great horror of a literary woman, who could steal poems, and especially the unpublished gems of a dead genius. But how much of blame was due to such acts as these, and how much should be transferred to acts anterior, I must leave for the moralist and the physician to decide, for my Aunt ultimately became an inmate of a lunatic asylum, from the use of opium and hasheesh. I have known several men and women of reputed genius, who took these narcotics, and I never knew one of them who would not lie and steal, and they acquired these accomplishments, whatever their moral character had previously been, in a short time after the narcotic demoralization began.

Alas for poor Mrs. Inflatio Stellita Jenkins. My father's poem stands first in her volume, and how many minor thefts there were, I can only "guess and fear."

Well, I went to school. I was not happy, and my poor Uncle wrote me mizzable letters from every point of the compass, for he became a habitual traveller, because, he said he did not hear the buzzing in his ears when he was in the cars, and his heart did not beat so terribly after dinner, when he had had nothing fit to eat. And then he said he was too mizzable to stay at home after I was gone, "and, what was worse," wrote my Uncle, and then crossed it out and continued, "a very sad thing happened soon after you left ; Ratter was poisoned and died, and now your poor Uncle is too mizzable to stay at home, only when he can't avoid it."

When I was terribly tired of school, I began to get attached to everybody about me, I believe a good deal from the force of habit ; and when my Uncle came to see me, looking a very bundle of nerves, and offered to take me home, I would not consent to go. I staid three years in the Seminary, and there was a great change in my appearance. My hair had grown dark, and curled easily ; my eyes had ceased to squint, and that without the operation for strabismus ; and my height was a good deal increased, and I was plump, and no longer of the "Scrag of mutton order of architecture."

One day some one came to the class-room for me, saying that a gentleman wished to see me. I ran down, expecting to see my Uncle, but there was Mr. Benson. He had always seemed near to me since the time that he protected my father's manuscripts. I exclaimed, "Mr. Benson ! how glad I am to see you ! I hope Uncle is well."

"I have some sad news for you," said he, and I cried out in sorrowful fear, "Uncle is dead."

"No, Miss Lizzie, he is as well as usual."

I was thankful to hear this, and also that Mr. Benson did not call me Jenkins—I dislike the name desperately. "Your Aunt,"—he hesitated—"What is it," said I—fearing some dishonor.

"She is insane, and has been taken to the asylum, and your Uncle has no housekeeper ; and he says if you will come home, he will not travel any more ; and he said I must be sure to tell you that he would get another grey cat, and do his best to keep you from being as mizzable as he is"—Mr. Benson pronounced my Uncle's pet word so naturally, that we both laughed.

"I am afraid," said he, "it will be a great sacrifice for you to leave school."

"Not a bit of it," said I. "I will like of all things to take care of Uncle, and have you to dine with us, and the grey cat for company."

When I arrived at my Uncle's home in Bleecker street, he was there to meet me. I had never seen him look so happy in my life. He had not seen me for a year. He met me at the door, and he exclaimed, "How handsome you have grown, Lizzy ! Come right in and see Ratter."

I went into the back parlor, and there on the same rug lay coiled a magnificent tiger cat. Such a great, grand fellow ! Such a fine grey, and such broad black stripes ! His coat was smooth and shining, and his countenance a very pleasant one ; for cats have all manner of countenances, like other folks.

"Is Mary here ?" said I.

"Busy with the dinner, I dare say," said my Uncle. "I would not allow her to leave it, as I did not want to welcome you home to a mizzable dinner."

The word mizzable reminded me that I had only said how do you do ? to Uncle, but had made no inquiry about his health. I looked at him. He looked better, unmistakably better.

I went up to him, and took both his hands, and said, "Is your health better than it used to be, dear Uncle ?"

"I really believe I am not so mizzable as I used to be," said he.

"I am most thankful," said I, and then I ran down to see Mary. The way she blessed me would take herself or another genuine Irish tongue to tell.

I became my Uncle's housekeeper, and he became more and more cheerful and healthy. Mr. Benson dined with us often, and as I disliked the name of Jenkins so much, I was persuaded to change it for that of Benson, on my eighteenth birthday.

My poor Aunt died in the asylum, and my Uncle mourned for her very sincerely, and had her poems, bound in blue and gold, on a stand in his room, but I think he never opened the book. He was not a reader, and so he was not as mizzable as he might have been.

My Uncle does not use his pet word as much so formerly, and he never finds fault with anything at table, because when he complained at first I cried, and he said he could not bear to see me cry, and so he made peace with his dinner from that day. And now, in the bosom of our happy family, with our magnificent cat, I do not think my Uncle is a very mizzable man.

JAPANESE TEA-GARDEN.

Before leaving Nagasaki we wished to extend our wanderings beyond the immediate limits of the streets. The city itself, like a lover at the feet of his mistress, nestles at the base of wooded hills of exquisite form, as though it did not venture to profane with its coarse touch those lovely slopes which are dedicated to the worship of Buddh and the Cytherean goddess ; for these hill-sides are dotted with the most enchanting sites, and every one of them is occupied with a temple or a tea-house. In Japan, religion is not used, as in some countries, to conceal immorality, but rather to give it countenance and support ; so that practically there is very little difference here between a temple and a tea-house. Both are situated in grounds beautifully laid out. In landscape-gardening the Japanese excel every other nation in the world. Both are resorted to as agreeable retreats from the turmoil and bustle of the city. The most delightful arbors, the choicest dishes, and the softest music, are provided equally at one and the other. It is estimated that there are sixty-two temples (large and small) and seven hundred and fifty tea-houses on the hills round Nagasaki, all offering to the Japanese in search of repose delicious tea and extensive panoramic views. It is worth while climbing up to some of them, if only to enjoy the latter. Old moss-grown steps ascend the steep hill-side, and you pass through venerable gateways and up more massive flights to a fairy-like wooden structure perched on a projecting point, and backed by terraced gardens, and cool, shady groves, that lead to grottoes, where sparkling water gushes from the hill-side. The building seems constructed with a view to the prospect it commands. The bare, softly-matted rooms are surrounded with deep verandahs, and from every angle a fresh scene of beauty meets the eye. Behind us are wooded dells, and more temples and tea-houses. At our feet the city is mapped out, and we can inspect the back premises of the houses of families, who are all at this hour engaged in domestic ablutions. It is delightful to see papa, mamma, and all the children, splashing so harmoniously in the back garden. Beyond the town are more terraced hills, and the beautiful winding harbor losing itself in deep creeks and bays, to all appearance a placid lake, for the ocean is no where visible. Meantime the dinner, which has been ordered, has arrived. Spread out upon the floor is lacquered bowls, it occupies the greater portion of the room. It has been quickly and deftly arranged by a train of neatly dressed maidens, who now seat themselves round it and invite us to partake. We have long since taken off our shoes, and now squat in a circle on the floor, and gaze with curiosity, not unmixed with alarm, at the display before us. There is raw fish thinly sliced, and salted ginger ; there are prawns piled up with a substance which in taste and appearance very much resembles toffy ; there are pickled eggs and rock-leeches, and pieces of gristle belonging to animals unknown, to be eaten with soy ; and yams and pears, and various sorts of fruits and vegetables prepared, some of them palatably enough ; but still the experiment is hazardous, and we are relieved at the sight of a bowl of rice as a safe pièce de résistance. The ministering spirits seem to delight in pressing upon us the nastiest things, apparently for the amusement which our wry faces afford them. Presently another troop of damsels with lutes and tomtoms come tripping in ; but they elicit from their musical instruments the most discordant sounds to our non-Japanese ears, so that we are glad to take refuge in the balcony, and having once more feasted our eyes upon the fading prospect, we descend from our airy position to the streets, now rapidly subsiding into that early evening stillness, which gives evidence that the good folks of Nagasaki do not allow either business or pleasure to steal from them the best hours of the night —*Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China and Japan, in the years* 1857–58–59.

(For The New York Saturday Press.)

VAGARY.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

Up and down the dusty street,
I hurry with my burning feet—
Against my face the weird waves beat,
Fierce from the city-sea of heat.
Deep in my heart the vision is,
Of meadow grass and meadow trees,
Blown silver in the Summer breeze—
And ripe red hillside strawberries.

My sense the city tumult fills,—
The tumult that about me reels
Of strokes and cries, and feet and wheels.
Deep in my dream I list, and, hark !
From out the maple's leafy dark,
The fluttering of the meadow lark !

About the thronged street I go—
There is no face here that I know ;
Of all that pass me to and fro
There is no face here that I know.
Deep in my soul's most sacred place
With a sweet pain I look and trace
The features of a tender face,
All lit with love and girlish grace.

Some spell is on me, for I seem
A memory of the past, a dream
Of happiness remembered dim,
Unto myself that walk the street
Scathed with the city's noontide heat,
With puzzled brain and burning feet.

MRS. WADHAM

Takes pleasure in announcing to her friends and the public that she has opened a

LADIES' HAIR DRESSING AND Hair Dyeing Boudoir, AT 861 Broadway, third door above Seventeenth st.

MRS. WADHAM'S establishment will be conducted on a different plan from any heretofore adopted in this city.

Female artistes will be employed exclusively, and everything that taste and refinement can suggest will be brought into requisition, in order to render her rooms a favorite resort for ladies requiring the services of a coiffeuse.

Particular attention given to the arrangement of bridal veils.

Private rooms for hair-dyeing.

Ladies attended at their own residences when preferred.

Hair-Washes, Pomades, Perfumery, Toilet, and Fancy Articles, etc., etc., specially selected for Ladies' use, constantly on hand.

*** MRS. WADHAM is permitted to refer to some of the FIRST LADIES in this city.

BEAUTIFUL,
ELEGANT,
DELIGHTFUL.

☞ Elegant ! Elegant ! Elegant !
THE HAIR ! THE HAIR ! THE HAIR !
A New Discovery !
SOFT FRENCH TALLOW !
Try it ! Try it ! Try it !
There is nothing out like it,
For Beautifying, Puffing, Curling,
Dressing, Softening, Smoothing, Glossing,
Laying and Setting the Hair.
Imparts a Silky Gloss and Softness,
And at the same time a stiffness.
As you dress the Hair so it remains
Subdues the most obstinate Hair.
Try it, and then judge.
Makes glossy Curls.
It's the beau ideal of the Toilet.
A perfect Gem ! A perfect Gem !
For Ladies' and Childrens' use.
THE NE PLUS ULTRA OF THE DAY,
For the Beauty, Fashion, and Respectability.
The Toilet—the Toilet—the Toilet !
Makes the Hair beautiful.
It's a first-class article,
For first-class times.
Delightful—Delightful—Delightful !
If it don't please, money refunded.
It should be in every Family.
It's the best preparation
For the Hair, for the Hair,
In the World.
In the World.
In the World.
In the World.
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In the World.

Mrs. ISABEL SCIPER. Depot 428 Broadway, New York. Price, 50 cents per box.

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FANCY GOODS,
PLATED WARE, BRONZES,
CUTLERY, GUNS, BRUSHES,
PERFUMERY & SOAPS,
MEERSCHAUM PIPES,
LATAKIA TOBACCO, etc., etc.

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Merchant Tailor,
NO. 742 BROADWAY,
(SECOND DOOR BELOW ASTOR PLACE.)
NEW YORK.
Your Patronage Solicited.

County Agents Wanted.

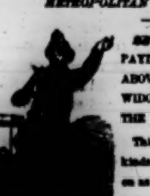
$50 A MONTH and all expenses paid, to introduce our New NATIONAL DOUBLE THREAD $20 SEWING MACHINE. The cheapest and the best. For complete instructions and a permanent business, address, with stamp, J. W. HARRIS & CO., Shoe and Leather Exchange, Boston, Mass.

INSURANCE.

THE FIREMEN'S
Fund Insurance Company
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital, $150,000.

OFFICE, 110 BROADWAY,
METROPOLITAN BANK BUILDING.



☞ ORGANIZED ON THE PLAN OF PAYING ONE-HALF OF THE PROFITS ABOVE SEVEN PER CENT. TO THE WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.

This Company insures Property of all kinds against Loss or Damage by Fire, on as reasonable terms as similar Institutions.

NATHAN B. GRAHAM, President.
HENRY BEECKMAN, Secretary.
ROBT. H. McMILLAN, Ass't Sec'y.
WM. TRAVIS, Surveyor.

COMMONWEALTH
Fire Insurance Company,
Office, No. 6 Wall Street, New York,
HAS A
CASH CAPITAL OF $250,000,
WITH A SURPLUS SAFELY INVESTED IN BOND AND MORTGAGE.

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THE BROOKLYN
Fire Insurance Company.
CHARTERED 1824.

OFFICE 16 Merchants Exchange, NEW YORK. | OFFICE 11 COURT, Cor. of Remsen street, BROOKLYN.

CASH CAPITAL	$153,000 00
SURPLUS	107,641 72
ASSETS	$260,641 72

Dividends—JANUARY and JULY.

WILLIAM F. LEGGETT, Secretary. WILLIAM ELLSWORTH, President.
CHARLES BURKHALTER, Vice President.
GEORGE ALGER, ROBERT C. BELL, } Surveyors.

THE
Manhattan Fire Insurance Co.,
(INCORPORATED, 1821.)
Office No. 68 Wall Street.
CAPITAL, $250,000.

Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Vessels in Port and their Cargoes, and other property, against Loss or Damage by Fire.

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THE HARMONY
Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Having removed to
50 Wall Street,
Continue the business of Insurance as heretofore, on the most liberal terms.

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R. O. GLOVER, Secretary.

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Fire Insurance Company,
No. 61 Wall street.

This Company, with a Cash Capital of $210,000, with a surplus of over $100,000, insures against loss or damage by fire, on favorable terms.

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GEORGE S. FOX, *President.*
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The Gebhard Fire Insurance Company.
OFFICES:
19 NASSAU STREET, AND
BULLS-HEAD BANK BUILDING,
Corner East 25th street and 3d avenue.

CASH CAPITAL - - - $200,000

DIRECTORS.

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LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
NEW ENGLAND LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
OF BOSTON,

Have just declared a DIVIDEND ON PREMIUMS paid and earned the last five years, payable in cash to all the policy holders, as follows:—

36 per cent. to all members since	1853;
38 " " "	1848,
39 " " "	1843;

The Dividend is declared on the following basis :

Accumulated fund, Dec. 1, 1858,		$1,395,622 21
Reservation for reinsurance at the tabular rate,	$880,262 21	
Estimated deterioration of lives otherwise than by difference of age,	88,000 00	
Estimate of losses not heard from,	20,090 00	
Contingencies of investments, 5 per cent. on the amount of property of the Company,	69,781 00	
Reserve for small bills not presented, and charges accruing at agencies on business not yet matured,	1,816 00	
Amount of surplus for distribution,	335,763 00	—$1,395,622 21

☞ This is the oldest American Mutual Life Insurance Company, and one of the most successful, and is purely Mutual, dividing all the surplus profits in cash, among all the Insured.

Insurance may be effected for the benefit of married women, beyond the reach of their husbands' creditors. Creditors may insure the lives of debtors.

Last report and other publications and information respecting the advantages of life insurance, furnished gratis at the Branch Office, Metropolitan Bank Building, No. 110 Broadway, New York city.

JOHN HOPPER,
Agent and Attorney for the Company.

INSURANCE.

EMPIRE CITY
Fire Insurance Company,
Office, No. 54 Wall street.

CAPITAL $200,000.
WITH A LARGE SURPLUS.

In addition to the Insurance of Buildings, Merchandise, &c., this Company pays particular attention to the Insurance of

RENTS AND LEASES.

LINDLEY MURRAY, President
W. A. BURTIS, Jr., Secretary.

THE
Metropolitan Fire Insurance Co.,
108 BROADWAY,
CORNER PINE STREET.

CASH CAPITAL - - - - $300,000.

This Company, having a Cash Capital exceeded by those of only four other Companies, continues to insure all kinds of Personal Property, Buildings, Ships in port and their cargoes, on terms as low as are consistent with the security of the insurers and the insured.

DIRECTORS.
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EDWARD A. STANSBURY, Secretary
ROBERT C. RATHBONE, Ass't Secretary.

The Resolute Fire Insurance Co.,
No. 3 Nassau street, N. Y.

CASH CAPITAL..............$200,000
WITH A LARGE SURPLUS.

First Dividend to the Assured,
JULY 1st, 1860.

This Company, at the solicitation of its numerous Patrons, and in accordance with the vote of its Directors, and with the assent of its Stockholders, will hereafter

Divide three-quarters of the net Profits to the Assured.

Those doing business with this Company will receive, annually, a large return of their Premiums.

Parties preferring a cash deduction from the Premium at the time of issuing the Policy, are entitled to that privilege.

N. B.—Inland Navigation and Transportation Risks taken at favorable rates.

C. F. UHLHORN, President
WILLIAM M. RANDELL, Secretary.
D. D. LORD & H. DAY, Counsellors. HIRAM FUNK, Surveyor
New York, July 1st, 1859.

THE NEW FEATURE IN FIRE INSURANCE.

SECURITY INCREASED ! COST REDUCED !!

The Market Fire Insurance Company,
Is now giving to Parties insuring with it, in addition to the Security of its Cash Capital of

$200,000,

and LARGE SURPLUS, a participation to the extent of

SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT.

in the net profits of its business, which is set apart as a SCRIP FUND, and held by the Company for the Increased Security of its Policy Holders and Protection of its Capital; and when the accumulations of said Fund shall exceed the sum of

$500,000,

the excess will be applied to redeem the Scrip in the order of its issue. These advantages of

ADDITIONAL SECURITY AND REDUCED COST,

must command for the Company a large portion of the business of all discriminating parties, and make it at the same time, directly to the interests of persons having Policies therein, to induce others also to insure in it, to the mutual benefit of all.

Office, No. 37 Wall street, New York.
BENJ. H. HOWELL, President.
ASHER TAYLOR, Vice President.
H. P. FREEMAN, Secretary.

☞ The Policies of this Company fully protect Mortgagee's Interests.

JULY, 1859.
The Insured Participate in the Profits,
WITHOUT INCURRING ANY LIABILITY WHATEVER.

Continental Insurance Co.,
CITY OF NEW YORK.
OFFICE NO. 18 WALL STREET.
CASH CAPITAL, - - $500,000

THE attention of the community is respectfully called to the following features, in connection with this Company :

FIRST :—By insuring in this Company, the advantages of a Mutual Insurance Company are obtained, with the additional advantage afforded in the security given by an ample and reliable Cash Capital—a feature not presented by ordinary Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. The dividends to customers, already declared, are as follows :

		Pr. ct.
First Annual Division to Policy Holders, declared	July 9, '57,	33⅓,
Second " " " "	July 8, '58,	50
Third " " " "	July 14, '59,	50

SECOND :—The security given, which is already large, will constantly increase with each year of successful operation. This is exhibited clearly in the following Statement, showing the position of the Company in each year since the new system was adopted :

July, 1856, Net Assets possessed by the Co.,	$570,363 43
" 1857, " " " "	649,719 54
" 1858, " " " "	751,908 52
" 1859, Gross Assets, "	905,681 84
" Liabilities,	16,514 37

THIRD :—The insured incur no liability whatever, while obtaining these advantages of superior security and cheapness.

FOURTH :—This Company has reserved the right to issue Policies which do not participate in the profits, and such policies will be issued to those who prefer it, at prices as LOW as any COMPANY can insure, and, at the same time, present PERMANENT SECURITY to their customers.

GEORGE T. HOPE, President
H. H. LAMPORT, Secretary. CYRUS PECK, Ass't Secretary.

LOUIS GRAUMANN,
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(N. E. CORNER OF FOURTH STREET.)

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Elixir of Calisaya Bark.
TONIC, ANTI-FEBRIFUGE, ANTI-DYSPEPTIC
LOUIS GRAUMANN, 698 Broadway
N. E. Corner of Fourth street

Chapped Hands, Face, Lips, &c.
CERTAIN CURE
HEGEMAN & CO.'S Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cheap, safe and agreeable. Price 25 cents
HEGEMAN & CO.,
Nos. 161, 399, 511, and 756 Broadway
Sent by mail on receipt of 30 cents.

JOHN S. PIERCE,
Importer and Dealer in
CHOICE FRUITS, WINES, TEAS, ETC.,
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GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP it is well known, cures TAN, PIMPLES, FRECKLES, SALT RHEUM, BARBER'S ITCH, CHAPS, CHAFES, TENDER FLESH, etc., besides being the very best shaving compound ever invented. *GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTLE* uproots hair from low foreheads, upper lips, or any part of the body, safely and quickly, warranted. *LIQUID ROUGE* for pale lips and cheeks. *LILY WHITE* for flushed, red, and heated faces. *HAIR DYE*, instantly converts red, gray, or light hair to a beautiful brown, without staining the skin. *HAIR RESTORATIVE* for the hair to grow, and makes stiff, wiry hair soft, glossy, and silky. Found at Dr. GOURAUD's old established depot, No. 67 WALKER STREET, first store from Broadway. Sold by Mrs. HAYES, Brooklyn, and Druggists generally.

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